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FASHION REPEATS ITSELF.—[See Page 766.]

THE GREELEY PILL:

MIXED AT CINCINNATI, AND TAKEN AT BALTIMORE JULY 10, 1872.

[See Double-page Illustration in our last Number.]

Air—*The Mistletoe Bough.*

There was an old doctor that wore a white hat;
He made pills of Free Love and Free Farms and all that;
Patent pills of pig-iron and copper and wool,
And expected to cure Free Trade with 'em, the fool.
And, first to be seen, like a quack at a fair,
This Chappaquack mounted an editor's chair,
With one pant in one boot, and he sung but one tune,
That the pill for all ill was his daily *Tribune.*
Oh, the *Tribune* old pill!
Oh, the Greeley old pill!

Then he politics tried, and sought as Republican
To feed at the public crib, drink from the public can.
Bill Seward and Weed took him in as a partner,
But the share that pill brought wasn't what he was arter;
For the fee that he sought was an office of trust,
To be of the upper political crust.
For this he called all Southern Democrats knaves,
And he hated them more than he loved their poor slaves.
Oh, the political pill!
Oh, the Greeley old pill!

So he cut the concern, and to farming he went:
What he knew about farming wasn't worth a red cent.
He grew broom-corn to get the broom-handles for lumber;
He planted a cow, and he milked a cow-cumber.
But although in his farming things looked rather mixed,
He in politics soon got himself snugly fixed
By not knowing, when Tammany Rings were in vogue,
A Republican saint from a Tammany rogue.
Oh, the farming old pill!
Oh, the Greeley old pill!

When the plague of secession broke out this quack cried,
"Oh, this plague may kill some one; the Union must slide."
So the Democrats said, "You're the doctor we want;
Doctor Lincoln we killed, but our death is this Grant.
His practice with Ku-Klux is thorough and bold,
And he leaves the big rebels all out in the cold.
Help, Tammany friends in Republican ranks!
Come, Greeley, Doolittle! We'll take even Banks."
Oh, the Tammany pill!
Oh, the Greeley old pill!

Then Seymour and Belmont and honest Bill Tweed,
Schurz, Sumner, and sore-headed Fenton, agreed
To follow the war-path no more, but instead
To bury the hatchet—in Doctor Grant's head;
And while dying Democracy's blood was yet warm
Let Greeley prescribe his new pill called Reform:
Reform poor Democracy up on her feet;
Reform himself into good Doctor Grant's seat.
Oh, the reforming old pill!
Oh, the Greeley old pill!

Democracy lay on her Baltimore bed,
No mortal could tell whether living or dead.
Doctor Greeley appeared, and said, "My dear friend,
My ends will be served by postponing your end.
Just settle your stomach to settle my bill,
And take me down quickly, for *I* am the pill."
Belmont shuts her eyes, and one Burr holds her nose;
A gasp opens her mouth, and down Greeley goes.
Oh, that Baltimore pill!
Oh, that Greeley old pill!

Now Greeley is swallowed, the question must be,
How with such a weak stomach the pill will agree.
With a patient so sick such a pill can not fail
To agree just as Jonah agreed with the whale.
With griping and groaning, and groaning again,
She'll bear it because she must bear it, and then,
The last effort of nature, the last of her will,
In November she'll throw up the old Greeley pill.
Oh, that Baltimore pill!
Oh, the Greeley old pill!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 5, 1872.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive the Seventh Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to Harper's Weekly.

THE CAMPAIGN.

THE activity of the Presidential campaign is now at its height. The whole argument upon both sides has been submitted to the country, and there remains only the necessary repetition and appeal. The only novelty will be new slanders, and of those there will apparently be no lack. Indeed, every sincere friend of the Administration, every man who comprehends the enormous risk of surrendering the government to a party which comprises all the most perilous elements in the country—a party to which Mr. Greeley says that the most dangerous classes naturally attach themselves—sees that the Administration is not seriously assailed upon its policy or success, but almost exclusively upon personal grounds.

The friends of the President, or his manners, or the probable scope of his information, or his tastes, are offensive to somebody. He has appointed a relation to office, or he accepted a house after the war. Somebody thinks that he merely pretends an interest in the reform of the civil service. He has bought land under questionable circumstances, and somebody would like to know about this stock or that investment. Somebody anonymously asserts that in "Ringo's banking house in Mexico, Missouri," he declared that he would have fought for slavery if he had only understood the situation. Somebody else heard Mr. Wilson agree that he was a confirmed inebriate. Then a great Senator tells us that he "gobbles gossip" and quarrels, but does not say with whom. He is also pretentious, although those who see him most nearly have not discovered it. Ascending a little in the scale of slander, the President is a gloomy despot, a Cæsar, a trampler upon the rights of human nature—as Lincoln used to be a gorilla, an ape, and a third-rate lawyer.

Then, leaving him for a moment, we are assured that his supporters are bought. The office-holders—those nameless creatures in human form whose essential worthlessness is well known to the office-seekers—are his chief friends. Nobody else favors him. Mr. Fenton thinks he is a very poor President, and General Cochrane will despair of political purity if the Democratic party does not succeed. Mr. Fernando Wood, also, announces that all good men are united upon Greeley and Brown; and the worst henchmen of the old Tammany Ring were the first to salute the prospect of reform which was disclosed by the nomination of Mr. Greeley. Besides, all those gentlemen whom Mr. Oakes Ames bought with his Credit Mobilier stock, they are knaves, and they are all zealous for the President. Such swindlers as Boutwell and Dawes and Henry Wilson, who is notoriously oppressively rich, and the dishonest Garfield, and Patterson of New Hampshire—what could be expected of them but that they would support the President, although they know him to be that monster of ignorance and incompetence which those patriots, Pemberton and Lee, long ago discovered?

This is the character of the campaign against the Administration. For its great success, its plain results, can not be denied. The crowning proof of them is the horrible extremity of the Democratic party, which desperately attempts to steal success by adopting a candidate and a platform presented by those who had been its political opponents. Now if the Administration had failed, a personal campaign might be successful. If the debt had increased or been but slowly removed; if economy had been despised; if equal rights had been neglected; if the Ku-Klux had not been restrained; if foreign difficulties had grown into war; if industry had languished; if there had been financial distress; if there had been want of confidence and consequent instability; if, in a word, instead of unprecedented prosperity and general contentment, there had been insecurity and apprehension, then a simple cry would have sufficed. Nepotism, or Cæsarism, or Grantism, or syllogism, or rheumatism would have been enough. Off with his head! A change at any cost! After the panic and crash of 1837 Mr. Van Buren's gold spoons were enough. Mr. Ogle—we think that was his name—did more to throw out Van Buren than Webster or Clay. It was not then a Cæsar in the White House. It was a Sardanapalus, and out he went.

Now the speeches of Senator Conkling and of Governor Jewell at the Cooper Institute, with many others, have shown how false the personal scandals about the President are. He, meanwhile, has kept the even tenor of his way, and those who know how faithful and honorable a man he is have watched to see whether in the midst of the actual results of his administration his fellow-citizens would permit the great party of freedom and of the war to be swept from power by the falsehoods told of him. Every one of them has been amply answered. The discussion has been constantly brought back to the vital point—is the welfare of the country, are the rights and interests of all sections and of all citizens, more secure in the hands of the Democratic party with its Republican recruits than with the Republicans? This is the point which, when clearly seen, is so conclusive of the whole debate that the Democrats and their allies seek persistently to obscure it. Yes, they say, the debt is reduced, but Grant loiters by the sea. Yes, there is immense saving in the collection of the revenue, but Mr. Casey is still Collector at New Orleans. Yes, there is general confidence and industrial prosperity, but didn't Mr. Jones give the President a lot of land, for which he was made minister to Belgium? Yes, we have honorable peace with all the world, and the English thorn is extracted, but there's that Seneca stone. Yes, the equal rights of all American citizens are protected at home as well as abroad, but the President "gobbles gossip."

A more melancholy and degrading campaign was never known than that against the Administration. It is the expiring effort of one of the most powerful and most pernicious political parties ever known—a party whose final disorganization will be a victory for civilization.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

The prompt action of the Geneva Tribunal, and its award of "a lump sum" to the United States, is a subject of more than national congratulation. From the beginning of the negotiation the real interest has been the practicability of settling by arbitration so serious a dispute, involving such excited and angry feelings, as that between the United States and England. There was undoubtedly a want of clear mutual understanding among the negotiators as to the indirect claims; and there was practically a compromise in the manner in which that point was finally settled by the Tribunal. England declared that she would not appear at Geneva unless we withdrew those claims. We stated that we would leave to the Tribunal the decision whether they were admissible. The result was that the Tribunal, as it were in chambers, or semi-officially, said that they could not be entertained. Each power accepted, as it should have done, this practical solution of the embarrassment, and the question of negligence and damages then proceeded to debate. During all the preliminary discussion in the English and American press and by the two Governments of the "indirect claims" there was a great deal of misunderstanding and confusion, and a great deal of the rhetoric of national pride. The point is now happily settled, and need not be reconsidered.

In acquiescing in the arbitration the United States have always said that their object was not so much pecuniary damages, which is a merely national and selfish gain, as the determination of rules of international law and the great precedent of arbitration, both of which are gains for civilization. But all three results have been accomplished. The arbitration has been prompt and complete, and conducted with a conspicuous dignity which has commanded the attention of all civilized states. The neutrality rules of the treaty have been confirmed by the success of the method prescribed by the treaty, and the pecuniary award, rendered without long delay or reference to assessors, is as large as was probably expected. It is impossible that in so great a transaction there should not be quibbles and cavils of hostile criticism. But every patriotic American must profoundly rejoice that so menacing a difficulty has been so happily settled, and that the President who as general honorably and unconditionally ended the war in the field should have adjusted by peaceful arbitration, furnishing a precedent against war for all nations, the chief foreign complication which survived the struggle.

There is indirectly in the decision of the Tribunal a justification of American diplomacy, which is, of course, very agreeable to the country, and is a personal triumph to the diplomatists. We mean that the Geneva decision in regard to the *Alabama* confirms the various positions taken by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, when United States minister in London, in his correspondence with Lord Russell. He contended that the British Government failed to use due diligence in the performance of its neutral obligations; that notwithstanding the official representations of the agents of the United States, it omitted to prevent the building of the ships, and issued its orders of detention too late to be effective, while the admission of the ship to British colonial ports was a continuance of the offense. Four of the five arbitrators agree in this statement; the English arbitrator, Sir Alexander Cockburn, declines to accept their reasons, but offers his own, which at this writing we have not seen. But the text of the decision shows that in the cases of the *Alabama* and *Florida* the Tribunal is of opinion that England violated her neutrality. Sir Alexander Cockburn probably alleges that she did not, as the London *Times* declares. But the decision speaks for itself.

We rejoice especially, however, in the fact of the arbitration. It is a great precedent established. There have, indeed, been a great many international references to peaceful settlement. But there has been none of the magnitude of this, and of the peculiar irritation of feeling which attended it. The quarrel is settled, so far as such a difference can ever be settled. No arbitration and no war can remove national feeling or jealousy. As the younger branch of the English race, there will be always the advantage and the disadvantage of a common family relation between the countries. It is that which makes such a settlement as this both more imperative and more difficult. In the midst of a hot Presidential contest we must expect, of course, to hear from the enemies of the Administration that it has sacrificed the honor, the glory, and the happiness of the American name. We must resign ourselves to learn that the cowardly President has truckled to the English lion, and that the American negotiators were outwitted in Washington, and the American counsel successfully browbeaten at Geneva. Then what ravishing pictures we shall have of what might have been! Had the Democratic party but had the management of this business, how the Democratic President Greeley would have put a ring through the nose of the awful lion that frightens poor Grant, and have taught him "to roar you as gently as any sucking dove!" Let us, however, leave something to the imagination. That is a spectacle which we shall never see.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The nomination of Mr. Sumner for Governor of Massachusetts by the Democrats was both cruel and absurd. It was cruel, because, had he accepted, the party which has always hated him would have had the sweet revenge of withdrawing him from the Senate of the United States, where he has always opposed their principles and policy, and of humiliating him by exposing him to overwhelming defeat from his truest political friends. It was absurd, because he knew, and the country knew, that not one distinctive act or principle of his political life was approved by the party which offered him the nomination, and that the only object in offering it was to try to destroy the party which is the hope of continued liberty, progress, and peace in the Union. Had there been a new party formed, the case would be different. But the nomination was part of a scheme not to organize and develop a new party, but, under false pretenses, to restore the Democratic party. It was a bit of the Baltimore game—the nomination of a Republican as a blind. How mere a blind, how thin a mask, Maine and Vermont show. In the Democratic party the "liberal" drop that was formerly Republican is not large enough even to color it or to flavor it. It is absorbed without a trace.

"Do you fear to be swallowed up by that old Democratic party?" asked Mr. Schurz, in St. Louis. "Why, it has itself been swallowed up by this new era." That is the desperate theory of the gentlemen who were confounded and betrayed by the Cincinnati movement. It has been their fatal error from the first. They played a game which they did not understand, and sharpers have outwitted them. Mr. Sumner himself was entreated by those sharpers. But he resisted. Then he made his speech against the President. He opposed himself to the evident conviction and wish of his party, and asserted that the nomination of General Grant would show that the Republican party was false and rotten. The response was renomination by the acclamation of the party every where. That renomination was a party reproof which Mr. Sumner felt. His course was then hard but inevitable. He had declared that the renomination of the President would release every Republican from party allegiance, and he had depicted General Grant as a monster whose re-election must be defeated at every cost. He had, therefore, to pronounce for Mr. Greeley, and make the best of it. It was the severest struggle of his life. But his old enemies had no pity, and they nominated him as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts! Happily Mr. Sumner is in Europe.

MR. BOUTWELL AND THE OAKES AMES STORY.

Long before this paper is issued the explanation of Mr. Oakes Ames, in regard to the alleged bribery by him of some of the most honorable public men in the country, will be universally known. But it should teach every body the worthlessness of such charges against men who have lived for years in full public view without stain of any kind. Mr. Ames says:

"I now reiterate and reaffirm the statement, with the further declaration that I never gave a share of stock of that or any other company, directly or indirectly, to any member of Congress.... The list of names given by M'Comb, as indorsed on my letter and published, *was written by himself, as he stated when under oath at the hearing in Pennsylvania. He had no authority from me for making any such statement.*"

Mr. Ames further says that all the legislation in aid of the Pacific Railroad, for which the bribes were said to have been given, occurred years before these alleged transactions.

As we state elsewhere, it is upon such stories that the Greeley movement depends to overthrow the Administration. This calumny is part of the desperate effort to prove the President and his friends knaves. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Boutwell, is one of the names that appeared among those who were bribed. Now there was never a more honest man in public or private life in

this country than Mr. Boutwell. The traditional Republican plainness and integrity mark his whole character and career. He has the tastes, the training, the experience, and the temperament of a public man. Strictly "a temperance man," he lives with a simplicity that would have charmed old Samuel Adams. It has been the habit of his life always to live upon the salary of his office, and to save his separate earnings; and faithful adherence to this resolution has made him truly independent.

When he was Governor of Massachusetts he was a thrifty country merchant at Groton. During the sessions of the Legislature he was in his office at the State-house, in Boston, during the proper hours, and returned at the close of the day to superintend his business. His honesty, fidelity, and sobriety were gradually rewarded with a modest competence; but the simple habit of his life was unchanged. It continues to this day. He is the Secretary of the Treasury, the financial minister of one of the great powers upon the globe; but he lives in the plainest way, and his cordial, direct, and frank manner reveals the upright and modest man. Probably there was no man of the least intelligence, if, indeed, there was any person whatsoever, who believed that Mr. Boutwell had been bribed, or that any thing in his conduct required explanation as to its integrity.

Least of all did those who published the story believe it. But it is illustrative of the hollowness and insincerity of the Greeley campaign. It is like the quotation of Mr. Trumbull from the Civil Service Report, which, he says, alleges that a quarter of the revenue is lost every year by the corruption and incompetence of the Administration. Mr. Trumbull does not believe it, nor profess to believe it. He only tries to make others believe it by pointing to the report, and asking if the President's friends are not to be trusted upon such a point, although he knows precisely the scope of the report and the exact significance of the quotation. The prospects of "Purity, Honesty, and Reform" from the coalition of Democrats and Greeley men do not appear to be encouraging.

MUD AS AN ARGUMENT.

We speak elsewhere of the slanders of this campaign. There is a storm of the most reckless falsehoods, incessantly repeated after the most constant exposure. But the spirit in which they are told is one that does not care for the truth. Aiming to wound, it is indifferent to every thing else. Nothing illustrates this spirit better than the story about the Credit Mobilier which was leveled at the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency and some of the most eminent Republicans in Congress. They were charged with having received money, directly or indirectly, to favor certain legislation. The charge needed no answer. Their characters were their sufficient defense. But they nevertheless made a formal, explicit denial. The Greeley papers thereupon told them that it was not enough. They must prove that they told the truth. They were evading. In fine, they were guilty, and they need not try to deny it. Nothing could be baser, nothing more degrading, than such journalism.

So with the story of General Grant's drunkenness. Senator Wilson was quoted as the authority. He instantly and unequivocally denied that he had ever said that he had seen the President intoxicated, or that he believed him to have been so, but he did say that he regretted that he was not a total abstinent. And thereupon the Greeley press declared that Senator Wilson admitted that the President was a drunkard. Of course the editors who had read his letter knew that he had said exactly the opposite, and that the object of his letter was to deny the story.

Mr. R. H. Dana, Jun., of Boston, was alleged to have received money for the defense of colored men claimed as fugitive slaves under the cruel and infamous bill passed by those who are now trying to elect Mr. Greeley, and who are very anxious to have a chance to protect the new rights of the late slaves. We knew that the charge was false, and said so. Mr. Edmund Quincy wrote to the New York *Tribune*, denying the truth of the story, and stating that Mr. Dana did, of course, receive a fee, which was certainly not large, for his defense of "the Shadrach rescuers," who were no more fugitive slaves than the editors of the *Tribune* and *World*.

Thereupon a correspondent of the *World*, who had made the statement on which the charge was based, says that he only said that Mr. Dana "received a fee for his services in the cause of freedom," and that Mr. Quincy confirms the truth of his assertion. He asserts that what he meant to say was that Mr. Dana received payment as a lawyer "from the scanty treasury of the Abolitionists......those true and disinterested friends" of the slave. Now Mr. Edmund Quincy was one of that very group, and he thinks that Mr. Dana, in the case of the rescuers, did what he should have done.

But that is not the question. Mr. Dana was charged with receiving money for defending fugitive slaves. This correspondent calls himself "an old org."—an original, old organization, Garrisonian Abolitionist. He ought to know, therefore, that the essence of a statement lies in its moral intention. When he said that Mr. Dana received a fee for services in the cause of freedom, he meant to brand him, or he was willing that he should be branded, as a man who had been paid for defending fugitives. If he did not—if he meant only that Mr. Dana was paid for his professional services in the rescue trials, in which no fugitive slaves were defended, and received a fee, as Mr. Evarts did for his services in the Lemmon case against Mr. O'Conor—why did he permit the assertion to be made, upon the authority of his statement, that Mr. Dana was paid for defending fugitives? His silence interprets his intention. The publication of Mr. Quincy's letter was delayed in the *Tribune* office, unintentionally, as it alleges, for a fortnight. But "Old Org." did nothing to correct the slander which was based upon his statement, and when the letter was published, "Old Org." cries, "Just what I said!" That is a morality which he did not learn in the old organization.

It is this reckless licentiousness of the press which is one of the most powerful foes of political morality in this country. Men may be very able and very patriotic and very willing to serve the state upon fair conditions. They may be perfectly willing to encounter opposition to their opinions and arguments and policies. But few men care to expose themselves to the most malignant and ingenious falsehood. A man who is highly successful in his profession, and universally respected and honored, will not be strongly tempted to take part in public affairs at the cost of the loss both of his income and of his reputation. Moreover, the press injures itself by such conduct, like all falsifiers. It teaches its readers to disbelieve it. The perilous truth which ought to be known about men and affairs will not be credited when told by a paper which has shown that it does not care for the truth, but only for the plausibility, of its statement. There are papers which never correct an assertion which they have made. They call it good journalism. But that is precisely what it is not. It may be good business, but no more. Such a paper may become a valuable property, but it is not a moral power. Mr. Parton's last article upon Thomas Jefferson, a series which when collected will be the popular and permanent life of Jefferson, ends with a shrewd remark. "The licentiousness of the press," said Jefferson to Thomas Paine in 1787, "produces the same effect which the restraint of the press was intended to do. If the restraint prevents things from being told, the licentiousness of the press prevents things from being believed when they are told."

A PLAIN TALE.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, who accompanied the San Domingo Commission, has written to the Boston *Advertiser* an admirably clear and concise history of the whole expedition in reply to the charges of Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner cites the conduct of the Administration not only as a direct violation of international law, but as especially insulting to the colored republic of Hayti. But no one who has read carefully Mr. Sumner's speeches upon the subject can help wondering at his exclusive sympathy for the powerful colored republic upon the island as against its weaker neighbor colored republic. The republic of the eastern part of the island, that of San Domingo, is no less a republic than that of the western shore, Hayti. And from the earliest history eastern San Domingo has been constantly assailed and harassed and subdued by the fiercer people of the west. In this century, from the expeditions of Dessalines down to the occupation under Boyer, the sympathies of every philanthropist and lover of fair play would seem to be irresistibly drawn to the more peaceful and the weaker republic. But for some reason Mr. Sumner has apparently tolerated, if not justified, in the conduct of Hayti toward the Dominicans what he has most severely condemned in what he alleges to be the conduct of the United States toward Hayti.

We were at one time inclined to think the action of the Administration in sending ships into the waters of San Domingo was, at least, questionable. Mr. Schurz says that to reelect the President after such conduct is to condone the most flagrant and perilous violation of the Constitution, and to invite despotism. That is an extravagance at which a man can only smile. For never was any thing more frank and fair than the position of the President upon the whole subject. Indeed, nothing has commended him to the confidence of the country more than his entire candor upon this question. For the satisfactory truth about the ships is told by Mr. Blackwell. The Dominican republic, helpless and hopeless under the perpetual aggressions of Hayti, proposed annexation to the United States upon condition of our assumption of its debt, which was about a million and a half of dollars. The President, who was not at first inclined to the project, at last sent a confidential and honorable agent to ascertain the precise facts. Satisfied with the inquiry, a treaty was prepared and submitted to the Senate. But as soon as Hayti knew that a negotiation was pending, she prepared to invade her neighbor, undoubtedly instigated by European influence.

The Government of Hayti had an armed steamer; that of the Dominican republic had two small schooners, which could do nothing to protect the ports and the capital from bombardment. In this extremity, Congress not being in session, the Dominican Government appealed to us for protection. The Executive thereupon notified Hayti that a treaty of annexation was pending, and that until the Senate had acted an invasion of the Dominican republic by any foreign power would be regarded as an act unfriendly to the United States. As an earnest of our intention to prevent any harm to that republic growing out of the negotiation, ships of war were sent to the island, with instructions to oppose by force any hostile attempt from Hayti. No American interference was offered in the affairs of either republic beyond this plain evidence of determination that the Dominican should not suffer because it wished to be annexed to the United States. Not a shot was fired, nor was the Dominican Government—or "the usurper Baez," as Mr. Sumner prefers to call it, and with how little reason the report of the commissioners shows—"upheld" by our fleet.

The explanation is entirely satisfactory; and the total failure of Mr. Sumner and Mr. Schurz to persuade this country that its liberties are in danger from a President who would do what General Grant did merely shows the quiet good sense of the American people.

PERSONAL.

Judged from a purely intellectual standard, Wilkie Collins must unquestionably be ranked among the greatest of living novelists. He excels most of his contemporaries in subtlety and keen analysis, at the same time surpassing them in the novelty and startling interest of his dramatic situations. A new story by this powerful writer is commenced in the October number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is entitled "The New Magdalen." The opening scene is laid on the Rhine frontier during the late Franco-German war. The story turns upon the assumption by one woman of the name and position of another—the death of the latter occurring under such circumstances as to render this feasible. The heroine who takes this bold step was formerly a Magdalen of London, whose past character, despite her noblest exertions, has persistently followed her, and prevented her from regaining that social position which she now seeks to retrieve by deception. That the career growing out of such an assumption will be one of thrilling interest no one need be told who has read Wilkie Collins's former tales.

—The recent fistic fizzle of that notorious bruiser, Mister James Mace, recalls a sentence written in 1864 by Charles Lever on Louis Napoleon, who was then at the pinnacle of his fame, but whom Lever always regarded and wrote of as a political charlatan. He says: "Nothing shall persuade me that the Emperor of the French is other than a third-rate man, who might possibly have distinguished himself as a police functionary or a solicitor, but has as much claim to high state-craft as Jem Mace to be an authority on the Pentateuch."

—Ex-Senator Harlan, being generally supposed to be in some sort a clergyman, is frequently addressed as "Reverend," to which he objects, never having been settled as a pastor over a religious congregation, although occasionally doing a little lay preaching and expounding. In this latter particular he may be placed in the same category with the Hon. William S. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, who has a peculiar gift for discoursing on religious subjects, and likes to do it.

—Midhat Pasha, the new Grand Vizier of Turkey, has received, since his elevation, over six thousand telegrams of felicitations from all parts of the empire. He is right popular.

—Von Moltke, the great strategist, is living a quiet life in the little Silesian town of Schweidnitz, and can be seen there every day, in a long black frock coat, smoking an enormous pipe, and reading the newspapers at the only *café* in the place.

—Mr. Hathorn, proprietor of Congress Hall, Saratoga, is the Republican candidate for Congress in that district. He is both popular and pious, having given $10,000 to the Methodist church at the Springs, which cost $116,000. He is a Methodist himself. He knows how to do it at Congress Hall, Saratoga. Perhaps he will do it as well in the Congress Hall, Washington.

—Some beggarly burglars recently burgled the residence of Bishop Clarkson, at Omaha, and made a swift walk with $1500 worth of silver plate and other valuables, and the bishop's best church vestments. That *was* shabby. When one of our regiments was in Florida, during the unpleasantness, the men of a company were quartered in a Catholic church, and one of those soldiers diverted himself by putting on the clerical vestments and dancing a hornpipe within the chancel. This aroused the religious indignation of an Irishman of the bailiwick, who forthwith got his rifle, and, taking good aim, put a bullet through the warrior. On going subsequently to confession he admitted this terrible deed. "Ah!" said the priest, "how could you thus send a poor mortal to eternity for so slight an error?" "Oh, my dear Father Mahoney," replied Pat, "it wasn't the killin' of the man that troubled me; not a bit of it—*it was the hole I made in the holy vistments!*"

—Lord Lytton's new novel is said to be ready for publication, and Disraeli is hard at work on a successor to "Lothair."

—One of the best histories published by Harper & Brothers is Grote's "History of Greece." Apropos of which there was one pun of Sydney Smith's that Charles Lever never tired of telling. Mrs. Grote, the wife of the historian, appeared once at a soirée with a queer sort of turban on her accomplished head. "Look at that," said Sydney; "that's the origin of the word grotesque."

—John Wesley is computed to have preached forty-two thousand sermons—at the rate of fifteen a week; yet he never had a clergyman's sore throat, or a year's leave of absence with all expenses paid.

—Mr. Whitney, who is claimed to have first projected the Pacific Railroad, died a few days since at his residence in Washington. He was seventy-five years old.

—Mr. Gladstone, it is said, intends to confer a baronetcy on the principal proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, a Mr. Levy, whose ownership of the paper has made him enormously rich. The *Telegraph* is constant and vigorous in its encomiums of the Prime Minister.

—Sir Charles Dilke, proprietor of the *Athenæum*, will, on the 1st October, become proprietor of *Notes and Queries*, one of the most unique and interesting periodicals of the time—the general receptacle of all the quaint and curious old things, literary, historical, biographical, artistical, comical, etc., etc., that the students, antiquarians, and such, of England delight to ferret out and embalm in type. Dr. Doran, a very clever man, is to become editor of *N. and Q.*

—Lord Derby is the first statesman of the first rank in England who has spoken on the labor question. He was extremely cautious in his remarks, but he told the Agricultural Association of Bury that every man, laborers included, had a right within well-known limits to struggle for his own success, even at the cost of inconvenience or failure to others.

—The Rev. Mr. Cheeney, of Chicago, has been finally worsted in his controversy with Bishop Whitehouse. The bishop, it will be remembered, deposed Mr. Cheeney from the ministry, and Mr. Cheeney appealed to the civil power. The Supreme Court decided that it could not interfere in a purely ecclesiastical case, religious liberty being guaranteed by the Constitution, and upheld the decision. Mr. Cheeney thereupon claimed the temporalities, and insisted on preaching in his church; but the Supreme Court again held that the decision of the superior clerical tribunal covered the temporalities, and was final and binding, even though the special congregation took the minister's side.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The fourteenth annual State Fair of the New Jersey Agricultural Society began September 17 at the grounds of the association. President Grant visited it on the 19th, and was received with great enthusiasm.

According to a dispatch from Boston, the schooner *White Eagle*, a fishing vessel hailing from Gloucester, Massachusetts, was lost off the coast, with all hands, in a recent storm.

William Forrester, the alleged murderer of Mr. Benjamin Nathan, was arraigned, September 18, before Justice Dowling for examination. A young woman named Keenan testified that she saw the prisoner in front of the Nathan mansion on the night of the murder acting in a very suspicious manner.

The New York Committee of Seventy assembled September 19 for the first time since the summer vacation, and listened to an address by Mr. Havemeyer.

The New York State Committee, consisting of Lyman Tremain and Senators Weissmann and Benedict, appointed to investigate the affairs of the Department of Public Buildings in this city, began their work at Harlem Hall September 19.

FOREIGN NEWS.

King Amadeus, in his speech on the opening of the new Cortes recently, declared that the government was determined to subdue the rebellion in Cuba, and would send to the island all the additional troops required to bring the war to a close.

The report that the Czar of Russia proposed to demand the abrogation of the Treaty of Paris as a consideration for the co-operation of Russia with Austria and Germany was untrue.

President Thiers, while visiting the United States war steamer *Shenandoah* recently, embraced the opportunity to allude to the friendly relations between France and this country, and to the confidence he felt in their permanence.

The German government has issued a second circular, in still more threatening terms than the original one, against emigrants, who, it declares, will be treated as outlaws over whom a special supervision has been instituted.

Louis Marie Feuerbach, the distinguished German philosopher, died at Hanau, Hesse Cassel, September 17, aged sixty-nine years.

Serious railway accidents occurred September 16 in Scotland and Spain, by the latter of which not fewer than twenty persons were injured, most of them fatally.

Figuerola, the candidate of the Ministerialists, has been elected President of the Upper House of the Spanish Cortes. The same party has been successful in electing all its other candidates. The Carlists are again active, and a fresh outbreak is looked for.

M. Edmond About, the well-known author, is to be tried by a German court-martial for something he has written offensive to the government.

Three more of the Communists—Lolive, Deschamps, and Deniville—were shot, by government orders, at Satory September 18.

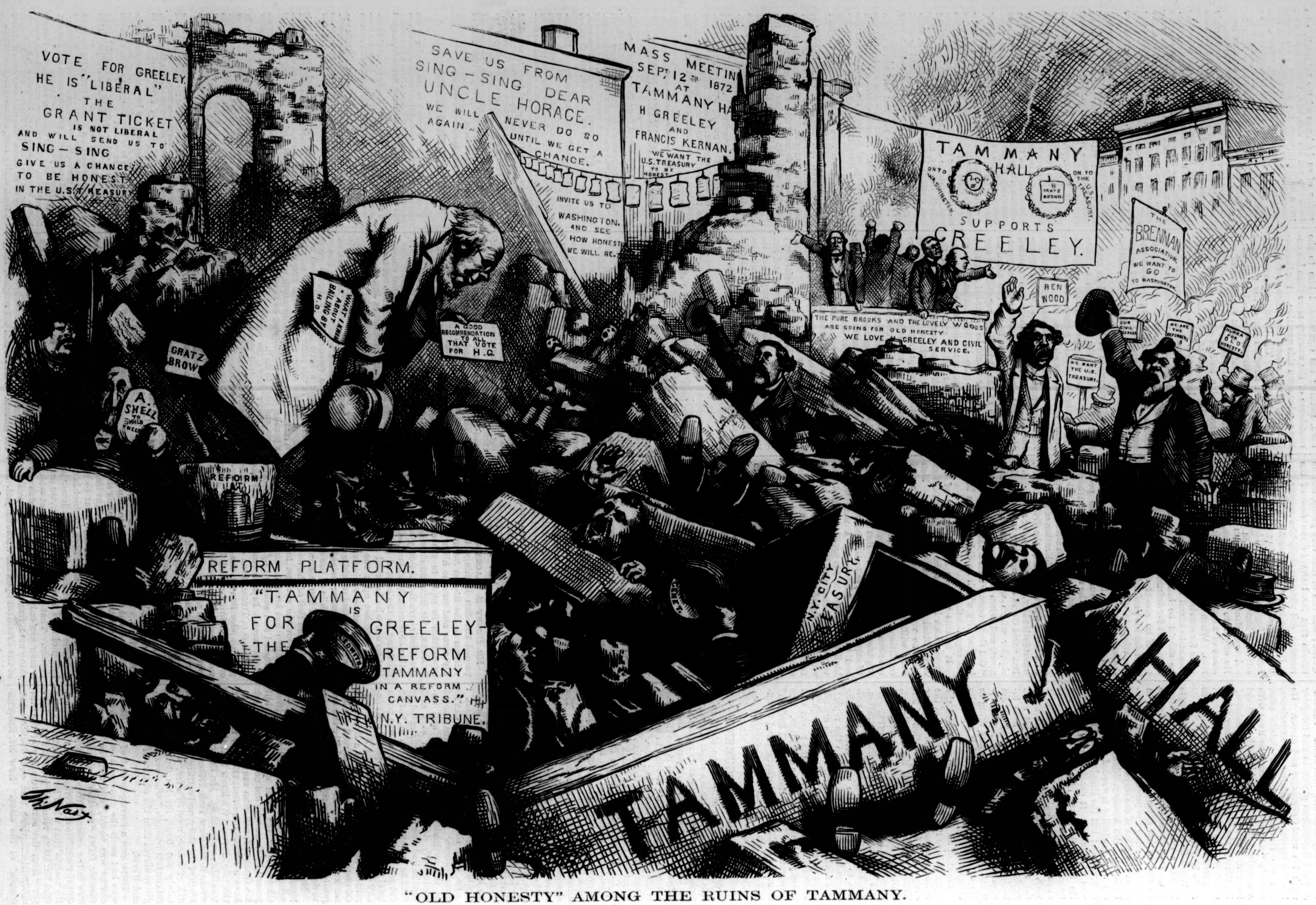
Acts of incendiarism have been so frequent in various parts of the English agricultural regions of late that the farmers have been obliged to form vigilance committees for protection.

The cholera is said to be raging to a frightful extent in Bokhara. The ill-fated inhabitants are dying at the rate of one thousand each day.

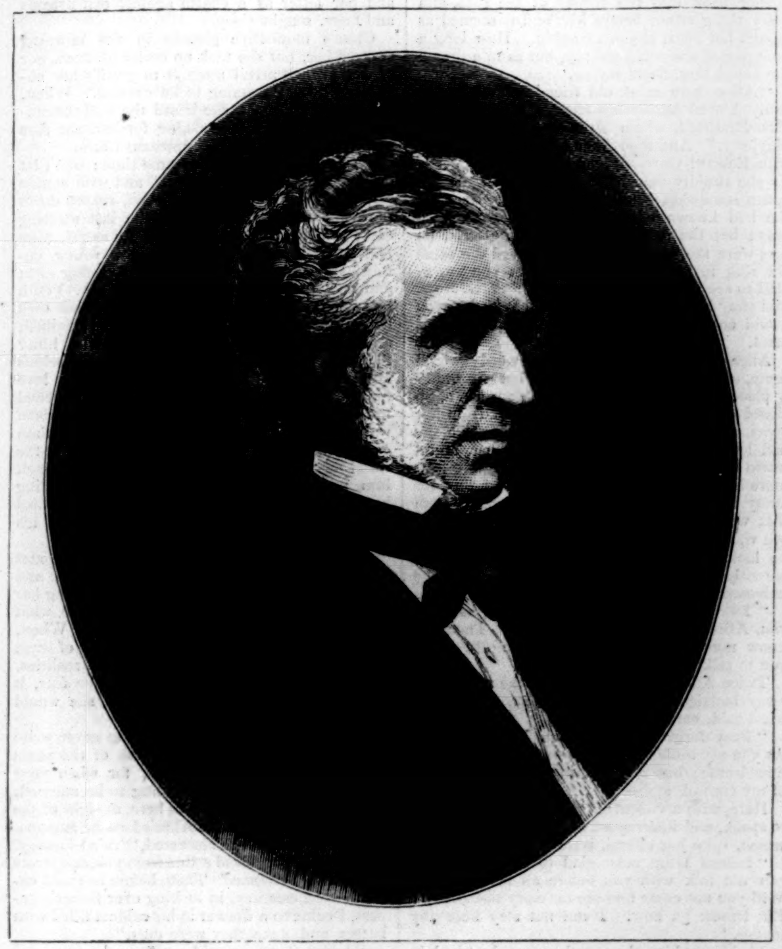
Bad news comes from England respecting the crops of the present season. Great damage has been done from time to time by severe storms of wind and rain.

Charles Louis Eugene, King of Sweden and Norway, died September 18, aged forty-six years.

The Congress of Old Catholics assembled in Cologne September 20. The delegates numbered 300, among whom were the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, and Westminster, of the Church of England, and the Episcopal Bishop of Maryland. Together with several others, Dr. Rohr, of New York, addressed the Convention.



"OLD HONESTY" AMONG THE RUINS OF TAMMANY.



THE HON. FRANCIS KERNAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTER C. NORTH, UTICA, NEW YORK.]

MR. KERNAN AND THE "PEACE MEETING."

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE recent "peace meeting" in New York seems the climax of the long series of similar gatherings from the opening of the slave-holders' rebellion. The same flashing lights and noisy glitter; the same flaunting banners; the same long array of Irish faces gleaming with native rashness; the same blind throng of uncultured Celts, misguided and led to their own ruin by their politicians or their priests; the same pretentious harangues that urge peace with the enemy and hate to the preserver of the nation, that in language of harmony conceal the deadliest treason, and in swelling sentences of reconciliation hide a fatal purpose: almost the same faces and the same men appeared again before their countrymen, unabashed and incapable of reform, and their favorite themes were the same. The same unfounded calumnies were heaped upon the chief of the nation, except that it was now President GRANT, instead of President LINCOLN, that was their object. He was a usurper, like LINCOLN, and a despot; he was covered with corruption; his administration had been a failure; he had dared to protect the Union men of the South; he had squandered the resources of the country. "We must destroy this government!" cried KERNAN, and wild shouts of applause broke from the ranks of his thoughtless countrymen. "We are tending to a military despotism!" exclaimed HUNTER, fresh from the blood-stained fields of Virginia, where the genius of GRANT had crushed forever the cruel rule of DAVIS. We approach "a tyranny and a shabby empire, to end in dissolution," wrote a modest statesman from South Carolina, the centre of rebellion; and the peace meeting resounded with lamentations over the woes of the slave-holders, and no one presumed to remember the fate of the innocent people of the South to whom the slave-holders had brought death or desolation. In fact, the last peace meeting differed in no respect from those more numerous assemblages over which THOMPSON had exulted during the war, and from which, he assured his master at Richmond, would grow a revolution that would plunge the whole North in bloodshed and utter ruin.

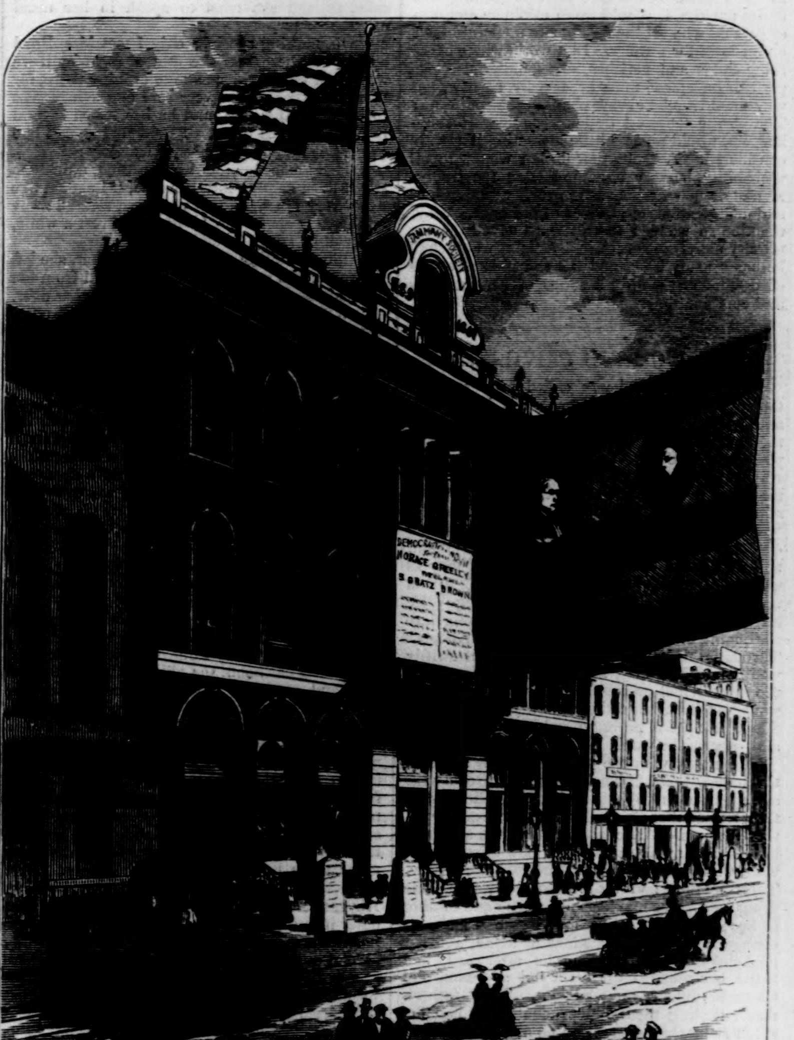
Two men, FRANCIS KERNAN and FERNANDO WOOD, were there who might well stand side by side. When, in January, 1861, the rebellion was breaking out through all the Southern coasts; when forts and arsenals were daily seized, and the rebel leaders were in the first flush of their easy victories; when the government was contemned and the nation sinking into anarchy—FRANCIS KERNAN interposed to check the rising patriotism of the North. A resolution was offered in the Legislature of New York (New York *World*, January 19) declaring, among other things, "that the State of New York will put forth all her power and resources to maintain the government and aid in the enforcement of the laws." The patriotic resolution was opposed by Mr. KERNAN. He said that he "disapproved and condemned the war spirit at the North." When an effort was made to stop the manufacture of cannon for South Carolina at Troy, Mr. KERNAN rebuked its authors, and said he would support no "sensational legislation." About the same time FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor of New York, went even beyond KERNAN. This lover of peace proposed that the city of New York should separate from the Union. "In this course," he suggested, "she would have the whole and united support of the Southern States." His project was received with shouts of ridicule. He was soon after detected in conniving at the sale of arms to the South, and not all the Irish vote could keep the sanguinary peace-maker in office. Cowed and shaken, he gave a trembling support to the government, and only in secret labored in the cause of his "aggrieved brethren of the Slave States." Meantime FRANCIS KERNAN was scarcely less active at Albany. He argued against the bill (New York *World*, January 25) "to prevent the aiding and abetting the enemies of the republic;" he opposed the donation of New York to the starving Republicans of Kansas; he denounced the appropriation of $500,000 (New York *World*, February 9) for arming the State; he led the traitorous minority in the Legislature who endeavored to place New York in opposition to the general government. And as the representative of the Irish influence and of the Roman Catholic vote, Mr. KERNAN labored to secure the triumph of slavery, and to encourage a course of policy that must have ended in the destruction of the Union.

But the blood of the people was up, and Mr. KERNAN, after the fall of Sumter, did not venture any longer to denounce "the war spirit at the North." In the disastrous year 1862, when the discomfiture of M'CLELLAN and the general ill-success of the Union arms brought out into prominence once more those who had opposed the war, when SEYMOUR was elected Governor of New York and the bitterest enemies of LINCOLN and of Republicanism ruled in many Northern States, Mr. KERNAN was returned to Congress, defeating ROSCOE CONKLING. He now gave a doubtful support to the war measures of the government, for he knew that no man could hope to live at ease in the patriotic western counties of our State who openly sustained disunion. Yet he was a Roman Catholic and a Democrat. To the whole policy of the Republican party he was bitterly opposed; he was still anxious to preserve slavery; he was still the disciple and the supporter of SEYMOUR, as SEYMOUR had ever been the favored recipient of the Irish vote; he was still looking forward to the restoration of a Union in which the slave-holders, unpunished if not unconquered, should once more resume their imperious control. What SEYMOUR thought of the war measures, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the rigid restrictions upon the movements of the rebels at the North, who, under the guise of peace-makers, were clamoring and plotting against the government, may well throw light upon the real opinions of his followers. In his message, January 8, 1863, Governor SEYMOUR defines the policy of his party. He bewails the crippled and fallen condition of the State; he glows with indignation against the tyrannical administration; he is resolved that slavery shall be every where maintained; he declares the recent proclamation of emancipation "impolitic, unjust, unconstitutional;" he can not endure the thought "of freeing four millions of slaves." He proceeded at once to put into execution his dangerous notions of the privileges of a Democratic Governor. He permitted the arrest of the patriotic DIX, who had carried out the orders of the national authority; he summoned before him the New York commissioners who had aided in suppressing the active intrigues of the traitors. And the spectacle of General DIX, under arrest by traitors and the friends of KERNAN in 1864, may well rush to the memory of every patriot in the election of 1872.

In the spring and summer, indeed, of 1863 "peace meetings" grew bitter and insolent. Their traitorous aim was only faintly hidden in professions of reconciliation. FERNANDO WOOD and BENJAMIN, M'CUNN and FIELDS, were inspired to new effort by the example of SEYMOUR. At the peace meetings were heard only groans for LINCOLN, hisses for the War Democrats. The unhappy Irish were roused into strange passion; the air was full of rumors of revolt and treason. The arrest of the "peacemaker" VALLANDIGHAM was denounced in a severe letter to President LINCOLN by the Democratic chiefs at Albany. The Catholic press teemed with rude criticisms upon the Republican leaders, and Dr. BROWNSON, the chief Romish controversialist, recommended Mr. LINCOLN "to resign his office and retire into private life." The *World*, now become the chief Democratic journal, foretold the financial ruin of the country, denounced the "shallow juggle" of the Loyal Leagues, and suggested the probable defeat of GRANT before Vicksburg. Governor JOEL PARKER, of New Jersey, repeated the dangerous suggestions of SEYMOUR, and declared the Emancipation Proclamation an incentive to a servile war, a violation of the rules of civilized warfare. And at length the Roman Catholic population of New York, misguided by priests and politicians, rose in a wild rebellion against the government they had been taught to despise, and blindly strove to destroy the nation which had given them freedom, equality, and hope. Such were the results of the active labors of SEYMOUR and the friends of KERNAN, who gathered to his support at the recent "peace meeting," in the most doubtful period of the war, and who then, as now, seemed more eager to secure the prevalence of slavery and the ruin of freedom than to avert the fall of the republic. Mr. KERNAN must be content to be judged by his associates, by the men who stood at his side in 1863 as well as in 1872; and if he gave a cold yet ready support to some of the war measures of the government, so did, at times, WOOD, SEYMOUR, and BUCKALEW.

The peace meetings and the peace-makers were checked for a moment by the fall of Vicksburg; the victories of GRANT drove the Democracy from power; and SEYMOUR, PARKER, BUCKALEW, or KERNAN bent for the time before the indignation of the people: they were driven from office, and more trustworthy and more patriotic men filled their places in the last period of the war. But when, in the summer and autumn of 1864, GRANT was sternly breaking down the last defenses of the slave-holders' rebellion, and GREELEY was planning an inglorious peace, the courage of the faction revived: they hoped to drive Mr. LINCOLN from office, and snatch Richmond from the hands of GRANT. Peace and reconciliation was now again their cry. The peace meeting was again their favorite weapon of offense. Great throngs of Irish gathered in wild, half-rebellious enthusiasm in support of M'CLELLAN; the more ardent peace-makers crossed into Canada to clasp the hands of SAUNDERS or THOMPSON; the nation seemed to timid men on the brink of revolution; and THOMPSON fondly assured his master in Richmond that at some monster "peace meeting" the bloody chastisement of the North would begin. Again the people drove SEYMOUR, M'CLELLAN, KERNAN, and BUCKALEW back to their obscurity; and the victories of GRANT completed the ruin of the rebellion which their intrigues had helped to prolong. The Irish vote still held the city of New York in chains; but the nation was free. And when, in 1868, SEYMOUR, sustained by the Roman Catholics and the whole strength of the rebel faction, by the Ku-Klux in Georgia and the friends of KERNAN in New York, once more raised his well-known cry of peace, the victory of GRANT was so complete that had not Georgia been carried for his opponent by the Ku-Klux, and New York by the reduplication of the Irish vote, scarcely a trace would have been left of that powerful faction which in 1863 had defied the government and summoned General DIX before its corrupt judiciary.

We have reached the last peace meeting. It was a feeble shadow of all its predecessors, less dangerous perhaps, less numerous, but not less vindictive and severe. The Irish clubs filed past its stands in their usual strength. The epithets bestowed on GRANT by its orators were as vigorous and as rude as those they had once bestowed on LINCOLN. But all the speakers of 1863 and of 1868 were not there. Some had vanished before the menacing frowns of justice, and some before a mightier power. A few recreant Republicans had taken their places. Mr. FRANCIS KERNAN was the chief orator of the occasion, and, with Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, repeated the charges against the administration. As they had labored together in the same cause in 1861, so they were laboring still. Mr. KERNAN's speech was a series of bitter reflections upon the conduct of the Union party and the character of its chief. Whom it was meant to conciliate or whom to pacify it was difficult to discover. But upon all the important questions of the hour it was singularly silent. How to save the white and colored voters of the South from their op-



TAMMANY HALL UNDER GREELEY COLORS—ANY THING TO BEAT GRANT.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.]

pressors, how to check the outrages in Arkansas and Missouri, how to provide for a free election in Georgia or in Texas, he failed to inquire. And of his own policy he said nothing. Pressed upon the public as a rigid and earnest Roman Catholic, the member of a powerful sect that has long converted itself into a political party, pledged to destroy the American system of education, he might well have explained to his constituents whether he intended to aid in the destruction of the public schools, or was resolved to defy the censures of the Romish bishops and the Romish press. He said only that he was in favor of dividing the public moneys given in charity according to the numbers of each denomination; but this is exactly the principle upon which the Romish Church claims its share of the school fund. Does Mr. Kernan mean to advocate sectarian schools? Upon the great question of education he was strangely silent; yet he saw before him a large proportion of that class of the population to whom education is the one most pressing need. Of his Irish supporters, neglected or driven by their Church from the ever-open school, how few can read or write!

Other "peace meetings" will be held, no doubt, in every part of the country. Their orators will use epithets and suggest projects that might excite anew the hopes of Thompson and Saunders. But the people have discovered that they can have a lasting peace only under the shelter of the Union party. The vigorous rule of President Grant and the Union leaders will spread rest and prosperity, equal laws, a liberal government, knowledge, and mental strength from Maine to California, and the brightest period in our country's history seems already dawning upon us.

FASHION REPEATS ITSELF.

The beautiful illustration on our first page this week presents a young lady of the present day contemplating the portrait of an ancestor, probably her great-great-grandmother. She notices, with a mixture of surprise and amusement, that her own dress, although declared by her modiste to be of the newest fashion just invented, is almost identical in every respect with that in the picture before her. The fair gazer may draw a wholesome moral from this coincidence as to the vanity of things in general, and of dress in particular. But possibly her respect for her great-grandmother may be lessened when she discovers that that lady was so extremely like herself. Her ancestor was known by family tradition as a most notable housewife, yet she appears quite as much addicted to the frivolities of dress as her descendant. The simple fact is, that it is very difficult to realize that our predecessors were once as young as ourselves. And as the picture shows that there is nothing new under the sun, it should teach milliners and other persons who set the fashions to moderate their enthusiasm for novelty. In a world where every thing fades and perishes, dress materials (lace perhaps excepted) must necessarily be new, but why should we be always changing the patterns? The phrase "newest designs," so dear to shopkeepers, would possess little attraction if rightly considered. A really new design would, in all probability, be very ugly, and what the tradesmen style new designs are in reality adaptations and modifications of all sorts of old ones. Why, then, be so wedded to this word novelty, when novelty merely means change? That which shall be has already been, and the so-called novelties of fashion are simply a series of permutations and combinations.

THE WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

"Alice! Alice!" was called in clear, loud tones, which sounded through the large halls and up the wide old-fashioned staircase; but there came no response. Again the caller, a young girl, cried, "Alice! Alice! where are you? why don't you answer?" at the same time beginning slowly to walk toward the stairs. When still there came no answer, she said, aloud, "Well, I suppose, as usual, Alice is looking over father's old papers, and crying over them, too, as I found her the other day, so I may as well go after her;" and she began lightly to run up the low steps. Soon her gay young voice might be heard in the upper hall breaking into the quaint, old-fashioned song, "Bonny Hodge." Through the hall and up another flight swiftly went Clara Maybury, and at the farther end of the second hall opened the door which led into what had been her father's library, feeling confident that there, poring over her father's papers and letters, she would find her sister.

These two, with the servants, dwelt alone in the house, their father having died over a year ago; but not until this spring had Alice Bradford felt as though she could look over her father's papers. Alice was a widow, the senior of her sister by many years, being now thirty-seven, while Clara was still a young girl not quite twenty. Their mother had died when she was a little thing, and Alice had been both sister and mother to her; and even Alice's marriage had made no change, for she still remained at home, and her husband's death, six months afterward, had made her wedded life seem but a dream, and Clara hardly remembered him. Their father's death leaving them independent, they had decided to let their house and go abroad, and that was why Alice had for the last few days spent the pleasant May afternoons in sorting, arranging, and destroying papers and letters. But we have left Clara long enough at the door—longer, indeed, than she remained, for, stopping her song as she turned the handle, she said, as she entered,

"Alice, I am going to give you an ear-trumpet the first time I make you a present. I have called myself hoarse. But where are you?" as she saw no traces of her sister, only papers in confusion, and a tall cabinet, of which she knew her father had always carried the key fastened to his watch-chain, standing open, one drawer pulled out and empty, but no trace of Alice. "Why, what can have become of her? and how strange of her to leave things in this way, and the door unlocked! Now if I had done so—well, it would have been natural; but Alice! something must be the matter."

As quickly as she had entered Clara left the room, and descending the first flight of stairs, stopped at the door of the room directly under the one she had quitted, knocked softly at the door, then louder, and at last opened it; but the sight she saw checked the words on her lips. There on the sofa lay Alice, her quiet, self-contained sister, sobbing passionately, while all around her were strewn letters, some opened, others still sealed, and one she held tightly in her hand. She had buried her face in the cushion, while long, quivering sobs shook her slight figure. She was so absorbed in her sorrow that she did not hear Clara enter, nor her light tread across the room, and for a moment the girl stood actually terrified at the sight of such overwhelming emotion in the sister whom she had always thought, though loving her dearly, to be passionless. Kneeling down by the sofa, Clara gently laid her hand on Alice's, and said, tenderly,

"Ally dear, what is the matter? Tell me what makes you cry so." And here her voice faltered, and tears from sympathy filled her own eyes. At the sound of the soft, earnest voice Alice raised her head, with a great effort checked a sob, and answered, tremulously,

"There is nothing the matter that you can help, darling. I did not mean you should see me in such a state. Leave me for a little while, and then I will come to you;" at the same time beginning to rise. She stooped to pick up the scattered letters, and Clara saw many were unopened, but the one in her hand she still tightly held; and Clara, feeling instinctively that this was some sorrow she should not try to fathom, left the room as noiselessly as she had entered.

Again she went to the library, and tried to imagine what could have caused her sister's rare tears; but no solution came to her mind, and after a few minutes' pondering she began to close the drawers and collect the stray papers, and was thus busy when Alice, with her quiet step, entered.

"Thank you, dear," she said, gently; "I remembered I had left every thing at loose ends here. And now, what did you want me for?"

Clara looked somewhat anxiously at her sister. Though the voice was as quiet and composed as usual, it sounded faint and weary, and the pale face and heavy eyes made her heart ache, though she tried to speak in her usual bright manner.

"Oh, nothing special; only I met Mrs. Boyd on her way here, and she wanted to know if we would not come and spend the evening there, for there have been some very rare engravings sent to Mr. Boyd for sale, and he has asked several to come and see them. I thought I should like to go, but it is of no consequence, Ally; I—"

To her amazement, Alice answered, quickly, a slight flush coming into her face, "I should like to go very much, and as you have cleared away all these papers for me, I will go and rest a while, and will be ready by eight."

Without waiting for any thing further, she left the room, and ere Clara had recovered from her astonishment, she heard her sister lock her door.

"Well," she exclaimed, "wonders will never cease: Alice one minute crying her eyes out, and the next being not only willing but eager to go to Mrs. Boyd's, when I know for years she has always made some excuse for declining all Mrs. Boyd's invitations; and I intended to say that I did not care much about going, and would not leave her alone. H'm! I hate mysteries, and I must find out this one." And for a moment the bright face was clouded, but only for a moment; then, wisely deciding there was no use in bothering herself about what was certainly no affair of hers, she caught up her garden hat, and was soon busy out-of-doors.

Punctually at eight Alice knocked at Clara's door, saying, "I am ready, and will wait for you in the parlor."

When Clara joined her there she found the usual Alice with a trifle more color in her cheeks, but dressed with the same simplicity; only, as she put on her hood, the glitter of something on her hand attracted Clara's notice, and looking closely, she saw on the third finger of Alice's right hand a ring she had never seen before—a single stone opal, which flashed and glittered. She checked herself in time, just as she was going to exclaim, "Why, where did that come from?" and silently the two went the short distance to their friend's. There were several there, all of whom cordially greeted the sisters, but particularly Alice, who, though much liked, had for many years kept aloof from all society. Mrs. Boyd, though friendly, seemed to keep away from Alice, who made several ineffectual attempts to enter into conversation with her. At last, seeing her hostess evidently did not want to have any special talk with her, Alice, who had come there merely to have the chance of asking for some information she particularly desired, pleaded that it wearied her eyes to look long at prints, and withdrew to the further end of the room. She began a desultory chat with one of the guests, when a ring was heard, and she caught Mr. Boyd's hearty greeting as he advanced to meet the new-comer.

"Ah, Garrison, glad to see you; you will find plenty of old friends here. I did not tell any one but my wife you were here, and you will take every one by surprise."

Alice stopped suddenly in her sentence, drew farther back into the corner of the sofa, and every thing swam before her, and it seemed as though her heart stopped beating. How long a time passed she could not say, but as in a dream she heard Mrs. Boyd saying,

"Alice, here is an old friend wishes to see you. I need hardly introduce Mr. Garrison to Mrs. Bradford, whom he well knew as Alice Maybury." And then Alice found herself alone, with Edward Garrison standing in front of her. As she timidly raised her eyes she saw the tall figure somewhat bent to look at her, the hair she had known as black thickly strewn with gray; but the dark eyes so earnestly fixed on hers were the same, and the voice had the same old ring in it, as he said, "I trust you are as glad to see me as I am to see you. Mrs. Boyd said she 'hoped,' but did not know whether you would come;" at the same time extending his hand.

Alice tried to speak, but no words would come, only a low quivering sigh; but she frankly placed her hand in his, and as his warm clasp closed over it, a weight seemed lifted from her heart, a sense of rest and comfort to which she had long been a stranger stole over her, and a warm flush rose on her cheeks, making her look more like the Alice of old than she had done for many a year. Ere he released her hand from that warm, clinging grasp, Edward Garrison's eye was attracted by the glitter of the ring, and he looked as keenly at it as had Clara. Apparently it was known to him, for he said, as he unloosed his grasp,

"Twenty years seem like a dream, as I see you, Alice, with that on your finger. Though I know much from Mrs. Boyd, when can I see you to talk with you?"

Twice Alice tried to speak, but the words died away inarticulately. Bending toward her, Edward said, earnestly,

"Pray forgive my freedom, Mrs. Bradford. As you say nothing, perhaps my presence here is unwelcome; but this meeting has deprived me of my control, and—"

Here, with a violent effort, Alice forced herself to speak, and interrupted him, saying, in a voice which, spite her efforts, trembled,

"Indeed I am most glad to see you; but I can not talk with you before all these people. Will you not come and see me early to-morrow? But I must go now. I can not stay here any longer."

Looking at him, she saw the same dear look in the eyes, and her own suddenly swam with tears, as, gently laying a detaining hand on hers, and drawing from his vest pocket a small book, he said, in a low voice,

"Wait an instant. See what has been my only comfort these many years. I have never let a day pass without looking at it." At the same time opening the leaves and showing her, where she remembered placing it years ago, a lock of her own fair hair.

Spite her struggle to prevent, Alice could not restrain a few tears. Her nerves had been sorely tried that day, and hurriedly leaving him, she crossed the room to Clara's side, and in a voice rendered hoarse by suppressed emotion begged her to leave. Looking at her face, and startled by the agitation she saw there, Clara instantly complied, and a few minutes saw the sisters ready for their return.

As they came down the stairs Mr. Garrison was waiting in the hall. Without a word he drew Alice's hand to rest on his arm, and silently they went the short distance, they two feeling too much for speech, and Clara engaged in devouring her own curiosity as to who he was (she had not been introduced to him), where he came from, and what was the matter with Alice. At their door, she passed in first, but could not refrain from looking at the others, and was certain that she saw the unknown touch his lips to Alice's right hand. Hastily passing to the stairs, Alice, with the face averted, bade Clara good-night, and without giving time for any questions or remarks, went to her own room. For some time Clara sat alone in the parlor, wondering what would be the end of this agitation, but at last said, half aloud, "Well, as father used to tell me, 'If you live you'll know, if you die you won't want to;' and as Alice is old enough to manage her own affairs, I will go to bed;" and she suited the action to the word.

Long after she was asleep Alice continued to pace up and down her room, trying to reconcile feelings with so-called proprieties. Wearied with the agitations of the last few hours, she finally drew out the letter she had held in her hand when Clara surprised her in the afternoon, and unfolding it, read it for the—well, we will not say how many times. It ran as follows, and was dated some fourteen years back:

"My Darling,—I am impelled, by I know not what, to write you to-day. 'Tis the anniversary of our engagement, and though you have never taken any notice of my letters, and I have never heard from you since I left C——, and have only had your father's cold letter, I can not refrain from calling and thinking of you as mine. I toil for you, I make all my plans with reference to you, and sometime, somewhere my Alice and I will meet. You did love me, dear; and, spite your cruel silence, deep in my heart is the conviction that you love me still. Your image is ever before me, and at will I can bring your bright, loving face to my mental eyes; and as in life you have ever been my first thought, so also in death my last thought, hope, and prayer will be for you. Dear, could you not have waited for me a little while? And yet, my darling, believe me your happiness is so much more to me than my own that I do not blame you. Only be happy, and as long as no sorrow touches you, I will bear whatever loneliness and trouble may fall to my lot joyfully for your dear sake. Good-by, my first, my last, my only love, and believe no time nor change can alter my love for you. Now, as ever, yours,

"Edward Garrison."

As she read, a resolved expression deepened in Alice's face, and kissing the signature, she said, softly, "I will do it; I owe him that much, and then I could not let happiness come so near without trying to grasp it." Then, looking at her ring, she pressed it to her lips, and with that and her letter as a charm against evil dreams and fears, sought sleep.

Clara's inquisitive glances in the morning amused her, but she took no notice of them, nor of her sister's artful attempt to gratify her curiosity without seeming to be curious. When, soon after breakfast, she heard the well-remembered voice in the hall asking for her, she rose and said, calmly, to the expectant Clara,

"I shall be engaged for some time: don't let any one intrude in the parlor;" and with steady step, though a very fluttering heart, passed down the wide stairs. How vividly the last meeting came to her mind! On such a day as this they had parted twenty years ago; he a young, enthusiastic man, and she a loving, trusting girl; and now they were to meet—as what? Youth had gone, and perchance love too; but her own beating heart told her with her love remained, and might it not also have staid with him? She softly repeated the last lines of her precious letter, "No time nor change can alter my love for you;" and, quieted by their charm, opened the door of the parlor, where Edward Garrison waited for her more impatiently, if possible, than at their last meeting. The sight of her, and the timid air with which she came forward to meet him, made Edward forget the composed greeting he had intended, and coming hastily forward with outstretched hand, he said, eagerly, in his old impulsive manner,

"Oh, Alice, my darling, tell me we have met as we parted, and these twenty years of hope and despair will seem as a dream!" and clasping her unrepulsed in his arms, they passed into what unbelievers call "the fool's paradise." When, after how long a time they could neither of them have told, they came back to earth and realities, Edward, holding Alice's hand fast, for fear, it seemed, if he once loosed his clasp, she would melt away, said:

"Now, dear, tell me why did you never write me or answer my letters? Think of the years of happiness we have wasted; for when your father wrote me you were going to be married, I lost all heart, and—" But here, at sight of the crimson flush that rose to Alice's face, he stopped.

"Ah, Edward," she answered, "'tis a sad story. I never, dear, received a line from you, and wrote you by every chance." Then, before he could exclaim—"Yesterday, in looking over father's papers, I came to a drawer in his cabinet filled with letters, and, dear, they were ours."

Edward Garrison said nothing; he respected the feeling which made the child refrain from blaming the parent; and Alice went on, after a moment's pause:

"I took them, and oh, my dearest, how much longer you kept your faith in me than I in you! And yet your last letter—words can not tell you how precious it is to me. Do you remember it? Yesterday, when I read it, I thought my heart would break, to find how through all the years of silence you had trusted and believed in me, and remembered how faithless I had been to you. But, my dear love, believe me, though I did you a grievous wrong by marrying Mark Bradford, I did not deceive him—ah! had I but received your letter—I told him all. He knew, Edward, he had not many months to live, and he loved me so, that I was weak, and yielded. It seemed as though, having lost all that made life dear to me, that if I could cheer and comfort the last remnant of his life, it was selfish to refuse. But what letter did my father write you?"

Silently Edward placed in her hand a letter. She glanced at the date, and saw it was the same as the year of his letter, and one year before her marriage. Her father, then, had written falsely. It was merely this:

"Sir,—As my daughter has never answered any of your letters, and will soon marry Mark Bradford, Esq., whom you may remember, I write in her name to beg that you will not annoy her by any further communications. Yours, etc., Ralph Maybury."

Poor Alice! it was hard to find her father had been guilty of such baseness; but as she gave back the letter she spoke:

"Edward, yesterday when I found how each of us had been deceived, I determined to find where you were, and accepted Mrs. Boyd's invitation, the first time for many years, to ask her about you. I replaced your ring, which I determined should never again leave my finger; but the agitation of seeing you took away all my self-control. I decided, however, last night I would speak to you openly. I am no longer young nor pretty, but I love you as tenderly, nay, more so than I did when I first gave you my promise"—then, as he made an impulsive movement, she gently drew back—"and as the only reparation I could make for my lack of faith, I determined to put aside the woman's privilege of accepting or refusing, and offer you my love and heartfelt devotion, knowing well I have neither youth nor beauty to charm you; but such as I am, if you will—"

"Alice, hush! I will not hear you speak so of yourself. To me you will ever be young and lovely; and oh, my love! my love! I am too happy in hearing such blessed words from you to remember that I have any body or any thing to forgive; and if you love me, as your words avow, time nor change can ever come between us."

For reply Alice placed her two hands in his, and repeated his own words.

How long they talked, nor how swiftly the time passed, they did not know; but at last Clara's voice was heard in tones of mock distress:

"Alice, can we never have any more lunch? It is past three. And won't your friend let us have something to eat, and finish the talk afterward?"

Edward went to the door and led in the laughing girl, who saucily asked,

"Well, what is the result of all this pow-wow, Alice? Is it to be, or not to be, Mr. Garrison?—for of course I have set my wits to work

to find out from Mrs. Boyd the meaning of all this, and know all about you now."

"It is to be," said Edward, smiling, for Alice had slipped away. "And will you be satisfied to take me for a brother?"

"Well, a real brother-in-law instead of a trip to Europe is the way the question stands in my mind; and as I can't help myself, I will gracefully say I prefer the brother-in-law.—And now, Alice," as her sister entered, "did you or not claim the woman's privilege of the leap-year, because you looked so resolved this morning I knew something was to be settled?"

"I claimed a privilege," said Alice, blushing. "But what it was *I* shall never tell you," added Edward. And as Clara went gayly down the entry, mischievously humming, "When young Love went a-Maying," he said, tenderly,

"Dearest, your frankness has but enhanced the value of the gift you gave me twenty years ago; and, if it were possible, your avowal will make me love more, my Alice, the woman of all women to me."

THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

A FEW days since the iron steamship *Glenartney* arrived at this port from Amoy, China, by way of the Suez Canal, being the third arrival here by that route since the opening of water communication between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The officers are all Englishmen, but the ship is manned by a motley crew of Chinese, Hindostanese, Bengalese, Arabs, and Turks. She sailed from Amoy on the 6th of July, having on board 32,000 boxes of tea (the largest cargo of that commodity ever brought to this port), and after a voyage of sixty-seven days dropped anchor in New York Harbor. On coming up to her dock she at once became an object of intense curiosity to New Yorkers, and was visited by hundreds of people.

The scene on deck was novel and interesting. The swarthy crew in their strange costumes, the monkeys, parrots, and other living pets that swarmed every where, presented a most enlivening spectacle, upon which the visitors gazed with undisguised curiosity and wonder. On the main-deck, about amid-ships, was an iron cage containing specimens of Chinese sheep, said to be much finer than any raised in this country. They are peculiar from the size and form of the tail, and excite much curiosity. They are about the size of an ordinary American sheep. The body is white, the face below the eyes being usually black. The tail is about a foot and a half long, and is in the shape of a fan, flat, and about nine inches wide at the extremity. Much curiosity was also excited by some Pekin dogs that were lazily rolling on the deck. They are of a pure black color, and the hair is long and silky. The nose is long and narrow, ending in a peak, and the whole head resembles very much that of a wolf. Another cage contained five Chinese pigs, young and very small. The color is speckled, white and black, and the hair, which is bristly, covers the white spots only, the black being perfectly smooth. These specimens have been sent to a gentleman in New York, who, it is understood, contemplates the experiment of acclimatizing and raising the species.

The *Glenartney* had a pleasant and prosperous voyage, stopping at the various ports pictured in our illustration on page 768. The captain is enthusiastic in praise of the Suez Canal as a triumph of engineering skill. The apprehension that it would become choked with drifting sand proves to be entirely groundless. The *Glenartney* carries two large guns on her quarter-deck, and a supply of rifles, for defense against the pirates of the Chinese seas. She also carries four large life-boats, so placed that they could all be lowered into the water within five minutes should occasion require. More than this, each boat is well stocked with water and provisions. These precautions might well be adopted on all steamers.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the closing hours of the last Congress an appropriation of $15,000 was made for the purpose of introducing salmon, shad, and other valuable food fishes into the rivers and lakes of the United States, and its expenditure was placed in the hands of Professor BAIRD, the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The late period at which this appropriation was made rendered it difficult to accomplish much in reference to shad, as the season for their hatching was very nearly over; but, notwithstanding this, we are gratified at being able to record a very satisfactory beginning to the enterprise, the aid of SETH GREEN, of Rochester, and Rev. WILLIAM CLIFT, of Mystic Bridge, Connecticut, having been secured by the commissioner.

Mr. GREEN, as is well known, has been engaged for several years in behalf of the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York in hatching shad in the Hudson, and during the present season has turned out no less than 7,500,000 fry. Of these he placed 200,000 above the Troy dam in the Hudson, 50,000 in Oneida Lake, 70,000 in Lake Champlain, 50,000 in the Genesee River, and the remainder in the Hudson, at Castleton, the scene of his operations. Fifty thousand young fish were also obtained from him by Dr. EDMUNDS, the Fish Commissioner of Vermont, and placed in Lake Champlain, at Burlington.

The work done by Mr. GREEN for the United States consisted in introducing 30,000 young fish into the Alleghany River at Salamanca, and 25,000 into the Mississippi River a few miles above St. Paul. Last year Mr. GREEN placed 15,000 young shad in the Genesee River, and it is said that at the present time young shad over seven inches in length can be caught at the mouth of that river in Lake Ontario, thus rendering it quite probable that they will not attempt to return to the sea, but will spend the period of immaturity in the lake, and will return to the river at the proper season for spawning.

A larger number of shad would have been planted by Mr. GREEN on account of the United States but for the fact that the heat of the water of the river, shortly after the commission was intrusted to him, reached 83° (on the 2d of July), thus stopping all further operations.

The later period at which the shad are hatched in the Connecticut River enabled Mr. CLIFT to carry on the work on a considerably larger scale, and to better advantage. The Commissioners of Fisheries of Connecticut, represented by Dr. HUDSON as chairman, kindly permitted Mr. CLIFT to use their establishment at Hadley Falls for obtaining and hatching the necessary number of eggs; and Mr. CLIFT and his assistants started with a large supply of young on the 2d of July. The fry filled nine eight-gallon tin cans, and an extra can of ice was taken along to keep the water of proper temperature. Young shad are much more delicate than salmon, and the limits of temperature between which they can be safely exposed during transportation are much closer: these, according to Mr. CLIFT, ranging from 80° as a maximum to 60° as a minimum.

At Salamanca 400,000 young fish in good condition were placed in the Alleghany, which, in addition to the 30,000 introduced there by Mr. GREEN, will furnish a very satisfactory basis for the experiment in the Ohio. Proceeding on his journey, Mr. CLIFT placed 400,000 fish in White River at Indianapolis on the 4th of July, leaving, from the mortality consequent upon the excessive heat, but a single can. He now determined to try the experiment as to the possibility of carrying the fish a considerable distance, and proceeded directly to Denver, in Colorado, where he arrived on the 7th of July, five days and five hours from Hadley Falls. Here, to his gratification, he was enabled to place the surviving fish, 2000 in number, in the Platte, where they seemed to find themselves perfectly at home.

Next year it is proposed to carry on these experiments on a much larger scale, and to introduce the fish at numerous points throughout the Mississippi Valley; and it is hoped that by continuing to do this for several years, the entire waters of that valley will be as well stocked with shad as are those of the Atlantic slope.

The labors of Mr. CLIFT were greatly facilitated by the assistance of the Adams, and the American and Merchants' Union express companies.

In the London *Field* is a suggestive article upon fish-culture, in the form of an account of the trout-breeding establishment, near Rouen, of the Marquis De Folleville, a gentleman whose success in raising this excellent fish has long been well known. He bears testimony to the importance in fish-culture of not attempting to keep the fry confined in small spaces for a long time. It took him five years to reach this conclusion. Finally, having become discouraged in his efforts, he undertook to let out the fish into the stream shortly before the time for the absorption of the yolk-bag, and obliged them to seek food for themselves. The result was a complete success, the weeds furnishing protection for the fish, and supplying them with such a number of minute insects that they attained the length of four or five inches the first year.

At the present time, streams on his estate which ten years ago produced nothing, now yield a return of from $900 to $1200 per annum, which is double the production from the same acreage of the most fertile land in France. In the establishment of the marquis the eggs, after having been fertilized, are deposited for the first three weeks in a runlet, or trench, twenty feet long, two feet wide, and half a foot deep, through which a flow of fresh spring water is directed. They are then placed in a close hatching box, in which they are kept until the yolk-bag is absorbed; after which they are turned out into the stream, and thenceforward require no special care.

The total outlay for the appliances requisite for the fertilization and hatching of the eggs and rearing of the young fish scarcely amounted to $100, the heaviest item being a pump, which could have been dispensed with had the natural fall of the water been fully appropriated. The entire supervision of the establishment is performed by one person, who is occupied for five months in the year, and for a few hours only of the day.

The Secretary of the Navy has recently received, by way of Copenhagen, a letter from Captain C. F. HALL, of the *Polaris*, written on the 24th of August, 1871, at Tossak, North Greenland, latitude 73° 21', longitude 56° 5' west. Although this is but a few days later than the dispatch brought home by the frigate *Congress* nearly a year ago, it renews the assurance of the harmony existing on board the vessel between the members of the expedition, and the perfect satisfaction of all with the equipment and preparations for the coming winter.

It is well known that no efforts were spared by the Navy Department to render this expedition the most perfect and complete in its equipment of any ever sent to the north; and the success of these endeavors must, therefore, be a source of great gratification to it. Governor ELBERG, of the Upernavik district, accompanied the *Polaris* as far as Disco, and brought back the dispatches, which have thus been a year in their journey to Washington. Through his help Captain HALL obtained sixty strong, healthy young Esquimaux dogs, and a large supply of food for them, together with a supply of reindeer furs, seal-skins, etc.

At Upernavik HANS CHRISTIAN, well known to the readers of KANE'S narrative, joined them as hunter and dog-driver, and was accompanied by his wife and three children, who, with JOE and HANNAH and their child, Captain HALL'S faithful companions in previous years, made up quite a party. It will be remembered that Captain HALL met the returning Swedish expedition at Holsteinbourg, and that its commander supplied him with charts and copies of such of his notes as promised to be of service to him. Partly in consequence of the suggestions of the commander, Baron Von Otter, and of other scientific men whom he met in Greenland, Captain HALL concluded to abandon the Jones Sound route, and intended to cross Melville Bay to Cape Dudley Digges, and thence to steam directly to Smith Sound, with a view of finding a passage on the west side of the sound from Cape Isabella to Kennedy Channel. Captain HALL speaks very favorably of the steaming qualities of the *Polaris*, her passage having been perfectly satisfactory from port to port. The entire steaming time from New York to Disco was twenty days, seven hours, and thirty minutes.

The great marine aquarium at Brighton was formally opened to the public on the 12th of August, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at that place. This establishment is the largest and best appointed of its kind in the world, and has been planned with the sole object of presenting the wonders of the sea in the most complete and attractive manner possible. The building is 715 feet in length, with an average width of 100 feet. Its front consists of five circular-headed arches, connected by terra cotta columns. The exterior of the aquarium is highly ornamental, and presents a very striking appearance. The interior is arranged with a view of furnishing accommodations of ample extent for all the varieties of marine life likely to be brought within its inclosures. The aquarium proper is divided into three corridors; the first subdivided into nineteen bays, and covered by a groined roof of brick. Its extreme length is 220 feet, broken by a central square 55 by 45 feet, in the centre of which is to be placed a terra cotta fountain of elegant design. Fourteen tanks are ranged on each side of this corridor, varying in dimensions from 55 by 30 feet to 11½ by 20 feet. The largest of all, which occupies the whole north side of the square, is over 100 feet in length, capable of accommodating a whale of considerable size. The front of the tank is composed of Portland stone, ornamental iron, and heavy plate-glass, secured by water-proof cement.

The second corridor is 80 by 23 feet. It has no tanks, its main purpose being to serve as an approach to the conservatory, the first corridor, and the terrace. The third corridor is 23 feet wide and 160 feet long, and contains 20 tanks, some to be used with fresh and some with salt water. The conservatory is also 160 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 30 feet high; is intended as a lounging and resting place, and is ornamented with a great variety of marine plants and small aquaria. A series of shallow tanks is to be erected on the north wall for the purpose of illustrating the culture of salmon. The whole basement of the building is occupied by reservoirs for the storage of sea-water, which is pumped up as required into the tanks; and an arrangement has been devised by which a constant circulation of the water is kept up.

The work on this aquarium was commenced in July, 1870, the first brick laid February 2, 1871, and the entire cost of the work was $250,000. It is under the direction of Mr. JOHN KEAST LORD, a well-known naturalist.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SELDOM have lovers of music enjoyed the prospect of such a feast as that which the present autumn discloses to them. Vocal concerts, instrumental performances, and opera, all employing the highest talent of our own and other countries, will follow, one after another, with bewildering rapidity. One is almost confused at the long list of artists—some new to us in America, others of well-known excellence—who promise to gladden our ears. Certainly there is no question that an opera season in which Madame Pauline Lucca and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg take part will be a success.

The first appearance in this country of Madame Lucca has awakened great enthusiasm and a keen interest in the past history of the gifted songstress. Her singing is spontaneous and natural. She has herself related some episodes of her childish days which indicate the inborn talent. When but nine years old she was sent to a boarding-school; but being poor, she could not take the lessons in singing, for which an extra charge was made. She was, however, present while they were given, to hold the music for others. Apparently no care was taken to give her instruction in any branches, and when the time came for the yearly examination she had no idea any questions would be put to her. It so happened, however, that she was questioned in some study, and, of course, failed. Looking up, she saw her mother gazing reproachfully at her with tearful eyes. Suddenly the young Pauline resolved to atone for her failure. "I will sing," she said to herself; and when the music class was called she rose with the others, not observing the angry glances of the school-mistress, who, rather than make a disturbance, said nothing. The others each sung their special piece.

"And what can you sing?" asked the examiner, suddenly turning to the silent child.

"Any thing," was the reply.

"Indeed—well, then, sing the last song."

Pauline sang it, caught sight of her mother smiling through her tears, and, stepping forward, begged permission to sing something else. She sang the "Ave Maria;" how, she does not know: only when she had finished she felt the breath of a pair of lips and warm drops on her forehead, and the examiner's voice said,

"My dear, you have sung like a little angel."

Anton Rubinstein exhibited his genius so early that, at the age of four, friends advised that musical instruction should be given to him. He began to compose when very young, and at the age of twelve several songs and other compositions were published, and attracted considerable attention among musicians.

The latest and most novel temperance movement is by an ingenious Frenchman, who proposes to remove the taste of his countrymen for drink by the propagation of a worm which destroys the vine! After he has spoiled the grapes he will be forced to devote his energies to absinthe, rye, barley, corn, sugar-cane, and a variety of other articles. That man has a great work before him.

A remarkable case of mistaken identity occurred in regard to the bodies picked up after the wreck of the *Metis*. A husband, who had recognized, as he supposed, the body of his wife, found, later, that he was mistaken. Similar instances are not uncommon, and in criminal trials very serious results have followed from trusting implicitly to testimony as to personal identity. We must, to be sure, in this world rely upon the evidence of our senses, yet facts show that even persons of unusual intelligence and penetration may err in this regard. A case in point recently occurred in England. A young man, professor of music, and organist at St. George's Church, Manchester, was arrested, imprisoned, and tried on a charge of stealing thirteen billiard balls. The evidence against him was clear. A pawnbroker with whom the balls were pledged identified him as the man who pawned them, and the pawnbroker's assistant gave the same testimony, and also swore that he saw this very man in a barber's shop in Manchester. But it so happened that at the time when the balls were pawned he was with a lady and her daughters, who had known him for a long time, and to the latter of whom he was giving music-lessons, and that he went from their house to a picnic, where he was when the pawnbroker's assistant swore he was in the barber's shop. This was established so clearly that the jury acquitted him without leaving the box. Many cases of the same nature might be mentioned.

An English journal impresses on the minds of all sportsmen, old and young, the necessity of caution in the use of fire-arms. Every year witnesses some dreadful accidents—many fatal, others attended with the loss of eyesight or a limb. A large portion of these might be averted with tolerable care. The following "golden rules" are suggested:

1. Never load or leave a loaded gun in the house.
2. Never carry a gun in a position that if it went off accidentally it would injure any one.
3. Never carry a gun cocked when scrambling through a hedge or leaping a ditch.
4. Never leave a gun loosely against a tree or wall, as if it falls, or is suddenly moved away, it is liable to go off.
5. Never in sport point toward another a loaded or an unloaded piece of fire-arms.

By strictly adhering to the above rules many serious accidents would be avoided.

The geographical societies of Russia and of France have presented Mr. Stanley with their gold medals.

The celebrated lady dentist of Berlin, Mrs. Henrietta Herschfeld, is described as a refined and beautiful woman, with wonderful strength in her small hand. She extracts teeth with unsurpassed dexterity and precision. Moreover, she prepares well-written articles for magazines, in which she instructs mothers in regard to the care of children's teeth—a matter which seems not generally understood in Germany.

A New York exchange says: "This city, as is estimated by a careful calculation, pays eight millions of dollars yearly for milk, and three millions for the water with which it is diluted."

One hundred and seventy-two persons have been sent to the hospitals of Rome to be cured of wounds inflicted by the knife of the assassin since the 1st of July. There seems to be *some* kinds of liberty in that city.

The sale of explosive cigars has recommenced in the streets of Paris, in spite of all the precautions taken by the police to prevent these dangerous articles from being offered to the public. The cigars in question appear genuine to the purchaser, but contain a minute squib or cracker, which, when the cigar has been consumed to a certain point, explodes, the cigar itself flying to some distance from the mouth of the smoker. These cigars are capable of severely wounding those who smoke them.

Inferior fruit is often the result of attempting to raise too large a crop. Every tree has its fruit-bearing capacity, and if fine specimens are desired, it is wise to limit the production. The reduction may be made by thinning the fruit as soon as it is set, or by reducing the number of bearing branches. If the branches are allowed to be thick and close together, so that the sun's rays can not penetrate to every part of the tree, an inferior article will be produced.

Since the new postage law has gone into operation, newspapers, magazines, etc., can be sent in parcels weighing not over twelve ounces for one cent for every two ounces, just half what it cost under the old law. Books require two cents for each two ounces. Book manuscript and proof-sheets go between authors and publishers at one cent for each two ounces or fraction of two ounces, but manuscript for publication in newspapers and magazines must be paid for at letter rates. Packages of other kinds, not exceeding twelve ounces in weight, can be mailed to any part of the United States at a charge of two cents for each two ounces. So that for small packages the mail is much cheaper than the express.

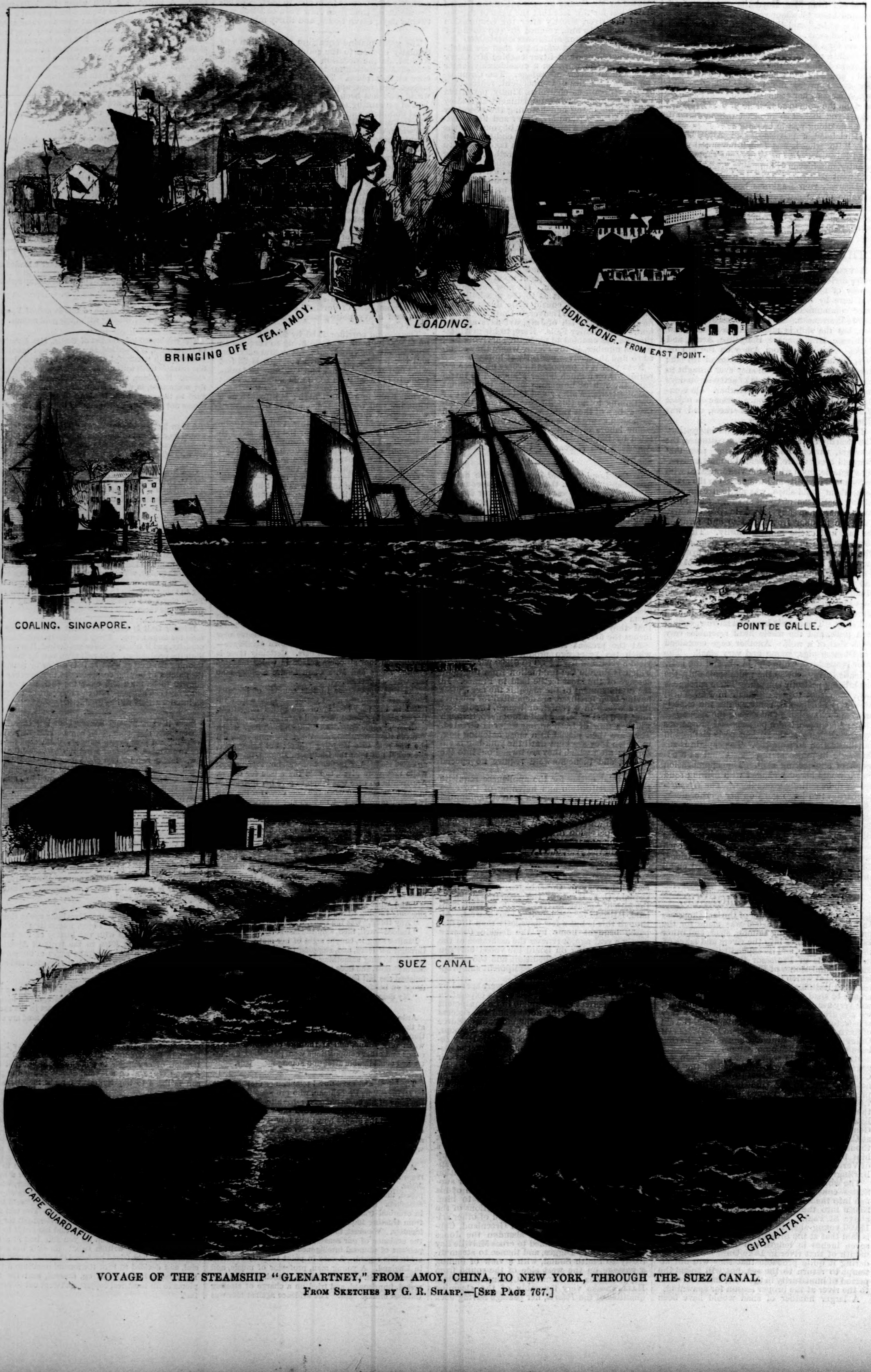
The great Chicago fire does not seem to have thinned out the population of that city. The new Directory contains 130,000 names, 20,000 more than appeared last year. It is estimated that this number indicates a population of 430,000!

As long ago as 1866 Father Hyacinthe spoke thus in reference to marriage: "I open humanity's book, the Bible; it commences with the history of the family from the cradles of Eden to the tents of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of all the pages of human records this is without controversy the sweetest and most sublime."

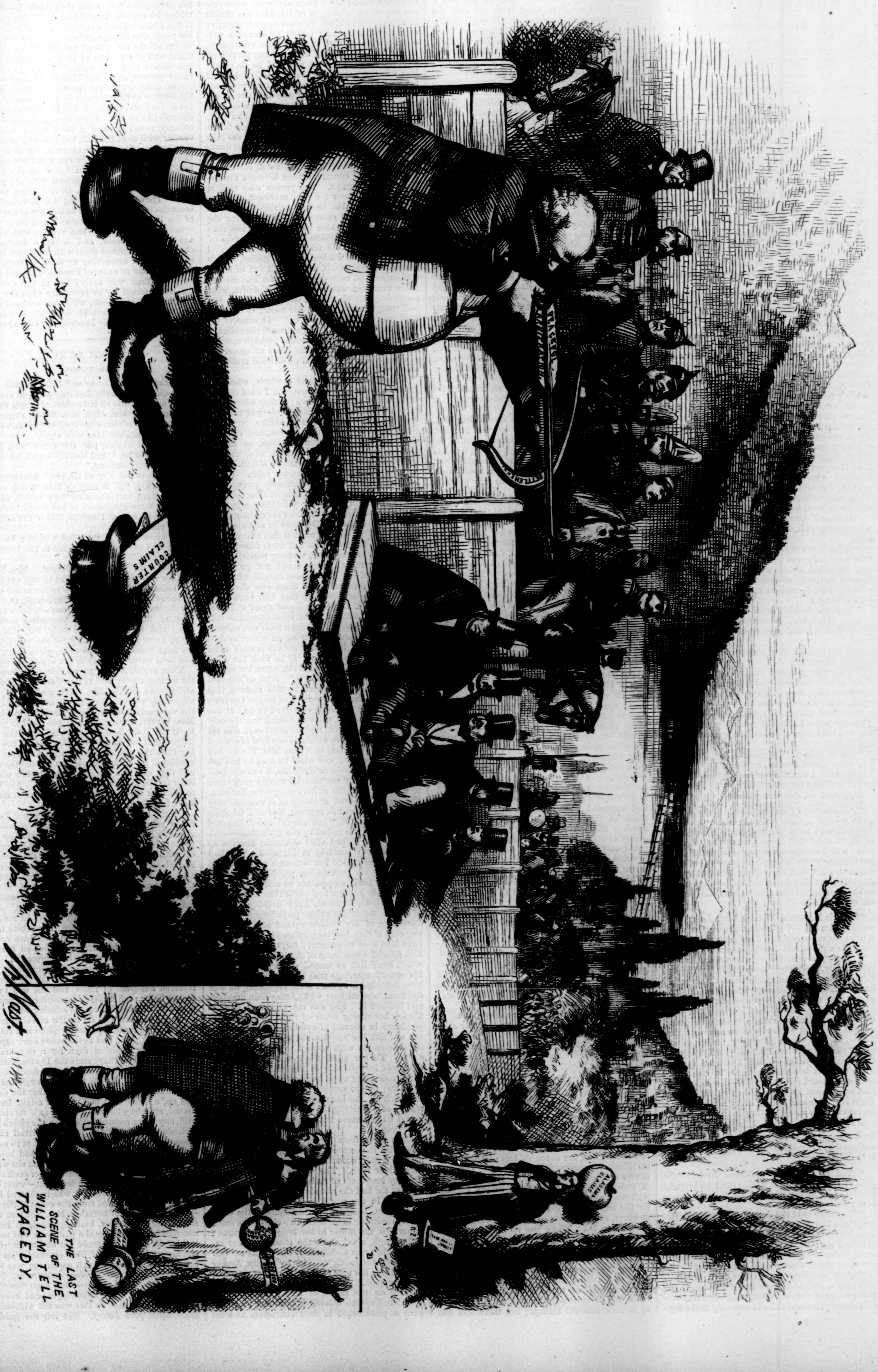
If an unfortunate boy in the West is bitten by a rattlesnake, he at once seeks a shady place, digs a hole in the ground, and buries the wounded part in the earth. In a day he is as well as ever. Earth and mud are considered efficacious in many disorders.

Adulteration might well become a matter for legislation in this country. In England the willful adulteration of any article is punished by a fine not exceeding £50; and on a second offense the guilty person is liable to imprisonment for six months with hard labor.

Rossini has this curious anecdote related of him in a recent biography, which accords with his reputation for laziness. One morning, when busy writing in bed, the duet on which he was engaged fell from his hands. "Nothing easier," an ordinary composer would perhaps say, "than to pick it up again." "Nothing easier," said Rossini, "than to write a new one in its place." Rossini would not get out of bed for a mere duet. He set to work and composed another, which did not resemble the original one in the least. A friend called. "I have just dropped a duet," said Rossini; "I wish you would get it for me. You will find it somewhere under the bed." The friend felt for the duet with his cane, fished it out, and handed it to the composer. "Now, which do you like best?" asked Rossini; "I have written two." He sang the air of them both. The friend preferred the first; so did Rossini, and decided to turn the second duet into a trio. He finished his trio, got up, dressed, sent the two pieces to the theatrical copyist, and went out to breakfast.



VOYAGE OF THE STEAMSHIP "GLENARTNEY," FROM AMOY, CHINA, TO NEW YORK, THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.
FROM SKETCHES BY G. R. SHARP.—[SEE PAGE 767.]



THE APPLE OF DISCORD AT THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DANETON.

"I will tell you, Mr. Adair," answered Jenny, "on the condition that you pass your solemn word that you do not reveal it to any human being, and least of all to Arthur. You love him better than he loves himself; you will have a sounder judgment to bring to bear upon the matter; no wicked slander against him will obtain credence with you for a moment. Yes, I will tell you."

She drew forth the hateful paper from her dress, and merely telling him where she had found it, placed it in his hand.

He read its mysterious address aloud, as a lawyer reads his brief, with care, and without surprise. "That is the late Mrs. Tyndall's handwriting," remarked he, "or else an admirable imitation of it."

These last words made Jenny's heart leap. It might, then, be a forgery, after all; she had never thought of that. She had also never thought of something else. In her frank and impulsive acceptance of Adair's assistance, and monopolized by her apprehensions upon Arthur's account alone, she had never thought of that first paragraph of the paper referring to herself—Helen's confession of her conduct at the lasher. Had she done so, nothing would have induced her to let Adair possess himself of the fact; and her heart smote her for her forgetfulness, as though she had voluntarily committed a breach of confidence against the dead. But it was now too late; Adair's quick eye had already perused those fatal lines.

"I have read enough, dear Mrs. Tyndall," said he, smiling, "to convince myself of two things: first, that you were right not to show this to your husband; secondly, that whatever more there is to read, it should not have disquieted you seriously for five minutes. It is sad and pitiful to think of what is here, but that is all."

"How so?" asked Jenny, trembling, yet somewhat reassured in spite of herself by his confident tone.

"Why, is it not plain from her first words that this poor lady was mad when she wrote them, and, therefore, whatever follows must needs be equally unworthy of credence—can not possibly afford ground for serious sorrow, except upon her own account?"

"There is nothing in what you have read at present, Mr. Adair," answered Jenny, softly, "to prove that she was otherwise than in her right mind."

"What! Not when she says she pushed you into the river?"

"No. She did push me in, though I believe it was half by accident, and though she afterward saved me from drowning by great exertions, and at the risk of her own life."

Jack had meant to appear quite unmoved, whatever news he should become possessed of; but his honest face showed both astonishment and horror.

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated he; "and did you never reveal this to any body?"

"Never. I would never have let *you* know it, had it not been for what follows. Read on."

Jack read on, this time aloud:

"'Moreover, I hereby solemnly declare that I go in fear of my life from my husband, Arthur Tyndall, who loves me not, but is bent on my death, in order that he may marry the girl aforesaid; and I charge whosoever shall find this paper to make strict inquiry into the cause of whatsoever death I shall have died: whether by sudden seizure of disease (as it may have appeared), or by (seeming) accident, such as the being thrown out of a carriage—'

"This is intolerable!" exclaimed Jack, interrupting himself. "Whoever wrote that wrote it *after the event*—of that I am positively certain—and is a mean and slanderous liar!"

"I knew you would say that, dear Mr. Adair!" cried Jenny, shedding grateful tears. "If I had thought that for one single instant you would have believed this hateful paper, I would have died sooner than have let you see it."

"Believe it?" echoed Jack, disdainfully. "If such a charge had been made, in such a manner, against my worst enemy, against any worthless fellow, such as Wynn Allardyce, for instance, I would not have believed it *then*; and to suppose that Arthur Tyndall— But I will not suppose it; I will not breathe his name in connection with so foul and false a slander—a slander, too, that bears upon its face its own refutation; for there is malice and hate in every line. However, let us finish it.

"'Such as the being thrown out of a carriage, or drowning (with both which he has menaced me), so that the guilt may be brought home where it is due.'

"And so it shall!" muttered Jack; "the guilt of this abominable device shall be brought home to him or her who planned it, or my name is not John Adair!"

"You have read the date," said Jenny, timidly; "the last day of 1860; that would be a few days before the late Mrs. Tyndall went abroad."

"So I see; but it was as easy to forge a date as any other portion of this precious document."

"You think, then, that it *is* a forgery?"

"Most certainly I do, dear Mrs. Tyndall. The only argument against it is contained in the first portion of the document, which reveals a circumstance presumed to be known only to the supposed writer and yourself. But though you, it seems, have never revealed it to any one, the other person may have done so. It seems unlikely, it is true, but then there is no likelihood about the matter, any way. The late Mrs. Tyndall, with whom you were certainly no favorite, may have had doubts of your generosity in concealing permanently the part she played at the lasher, and she might have confided it to another in order to anticipate your revelation of it."

Neither spoke again for some minutes; Jack's mind had suddenly reverted to Brussels, and the strange communication which Arthur had there made to him. The differences between the unhappy pair must have been great indeed, to suggest to his friend's imagination such a vision as he had described; undoubtedly Helen had been very bitter against him; nor would it have been absolutely out of the question that she might have left this document behind her, expressly to distress him after her death, but for its direct allusion to the carriage accident, through which she had in reality met her end. That coincidence was too striking to be fortuitous, and, in Adair's opinion, stamped the document as an undoubted forgery. It *must* have been written after the event which it affected so exactly to predict. His conviction on this point became even more complete when he proceeded to question Jenny concerning the place in which the document was found. It seemed out of the question that, lying where it did, it could have escaped Mrs. Glyn's careful eyes when she put the cabinet to rights; and if so, it must have been placed there long subsequent to the late Mrs. Tyndall's death, by some unknown but hostile hand—the same, in all probability, which had forged its contents.

Of this much Adair felt tolerably convinced; but, at his own express desire, he retained the paper, in order to examine it more carefully at his leisure.

"It is not what you thought it was, dear Mrs. Tyndall," said he, cheerfully—"an attempt, shocking indeed to think of, on the part of the Dead to calumniate the Living; but yet it is bad enough, and reveals a fact that I should otherwise have doubted—that you are not without a personal enemy. Can you make any guess at who it is?"

No; she could not guess. She had never made but one enemy in the world (and that by no fault of her own), and she was dead. Her inability to conjecture who this foe, so bitter, so relentless, could possibly be, affected her no less than did her previous thought, that Helen herself had left this train of suspicion behind her to be ignited by hap-hazard. It was terrible to think that in the neighborhood, the village, nay, under her own roof itself, might lurk some malignant creature, watching the effects of the cruel device he or she had already put in action, and perhaps planning others more directly aimed against her husband's peace of mind. Suppose, for instance, such a document as she had found should meet the eyes of Arthur, jaundiced as they already were with respect to Helen, and morbidly sensitive as he was as to all that concerned his married past! How fatal might be the consequences; and yet what prudence or foresight on her part could avert them? Such a catastrophe might happen any where, it was true; but Swansdale—the place where it had already happened to herself—seemed to her especially exposed to it. Notwithstanding her suspicions of the so-called Mrs. Montague, she could not divorce herself from the idea that this enemy was near at hand—perhaps concealing herself (for her instinct told her it was a woman, notwithstanding that Adair, in default of any other known enemy of Arthur's, had suggested Allardyce as the culprit) under the mask of friendship, and marking daily with fiendish triumph the success of her design in Jenny's sunken cheeks and hollow eyes. If she could only leave home, some portion of the oppression which weighed upon her night and day might, she thought, be removed from her mind; and this object was not difficult to effect. She had only to say to Arthur, "I think change of air will do me good," and he would take her gladly, she was well aware, whithersoever she pleased. It wounded her pride indeed—on Arthur's account, not her own—thus to leave the home he had given her, for fear of an anonymous slanderer whom she despised and loathed. But she felt that it was necessary to do so, for the sake of that burden so precious to both of them which she carried within her, and whose very life might be endangered by her terrors; and the request was made.

Of course Arthur at once acceded to it. It delighted him to exchange his melancholy state of solicitude upon Jenny's account for any active measure for her benefit, while the doctors assured him that her desire was of good augury, and that she was more likely, under the circumstances, to know what would do her good than they. As to place, since she expressed herself as quite indifferent to it, they recommended the southwest coast, and the London physician having a pet sea village of his own—that is, of his own recommendation—and to whose air he had given a high certificate—called Daneton, to Daneton they went. Thanks to its medical patron, and to a branch line, the share-holders of which have sacrificed themselves to its prosperity, Daneton is now a flourishing little town. But at the time of which we write it was but a fishing hamlet, with not more than half a dozen houses adapted for the accommodation of visitors, all of which, however, at this season of the year, were tenantless and to let. There was no hotel, though a ground-plan was marked out for one upon a very extensive scale; so of these dwellings the Tyndalls were compelled to take their choice.

They were most of them very unattractive, being of the common marine lodging-house type—"scamped," as to their building, with thin walls and deceptive fronts, and very "skimpy" as to their internal fittings; but there was one residence called the "Dormers"—for what reason the oldest inhabitant of Daneton was unable to explain—which was in some respects superior to the rest, and, at all events, presented a welcome contrast to their commonplace uniformity. In the first place, it did not form any portion of a Terrace—so that what was said in its chambers was not instantly communicated to the next neighbors through the lath and plaster partition, or overheard by the stranger who might be lolling in the common balcony—but stood in its own grounds, a small wilderness of shrub and turf, surrounded by a feathery fence of tall sea-tamarisk, and a low stone wall, so near the sea that at flood tide and with a southwest wind the waves would break over it. It was of large size—and, indeed, at one time it had consisted of two houses with a door of communication between them—and irregular shape. The person who built it had evidently been his own architect, and despised all rules, but he had certainly not fallen into one amateur error—that of forgetting the staircases, for of these there were no less than ten. Large as the house was, so many means of communication were far beyond its needs, and gave it the air of a labyrinth; the rooms, though numerous, were small, and though full of nooks and angles and recesses, were so far like one another that you were sometimes in doubt, after traversing two or three staircases, whether you had really arrived in another room, or had got back into one you had just left. In some of the bed-chambers the walls did not reach the ceilings, and to a nervous person there is perhaps nothing more disagreeable than the ideas of secret espionage which *that* system of internal architecture is apt to engender.

Altogether, the Dormers—which, after all, might have derived its name, and I dare say did so, from the storm-windows (as they were called at Daneton) set in its gabled roof—was rather a weird and uncanny sort of residence, especially when the wind was from the sea, and cast the sand up against the lattice panes, as though fleshless fingers tapped at them, and the tall hedge of tamarisk bent low before it with a melancholy "swish" like a ghostly hush. In the kitchen, which was preposterously large, there were rats, it was true, who showed their evil eyes even by daylight, and made night hideous by their mysterious orgies; but could *all* the nightly noises that were heard at the Dormers be accounted for by rats? That was a question that many an inhabitant of Daneton (who had never heard them) had put to his neighbor, without receiving any satisfactory reply. They dared not go to the fountain-head—to Mrs. Weeks herself, who owned the Dormers, and lived there—for the information required, because that had been done already by Mr. Lamb, the house agent at Daneton, and had resulted in the most disastrous failure. First, she had called him a fool; and secondly, she had threatened to bring an action against him for libel if her house should remain unlet even for a single season. If he took the good name of Dormers away, said she, mark her words, he would have to pay for it! And so alarmed was the meek house agent by this menace that he always made it his business to let the Dormers first, which he generally contrived to do. It was not difficult, indeed, to do so, since it was the only mansion in the place, and no great rent was set upon it. It had once belonged to a lord of the soil—one Mr. Waldron, to whom Mrs. Weeks had been housekeeper; and when he died he had left her the Dormers—in recompense, it was whispered, for some very confidential service performed to a female member of his family—for her own. She was a withered anatomy of a woman, very quiet and reserved in manner, and of a fabulous age, but she still "got about" the "haunted house"—as it was called by the Audacious—with alacrity, and looked after domestic matters as sharply as any landlady in Daneton. She had not a bad face; but her reticence and a certain hauteur, which perhaps her previous connection "with the land" caused her to maintain toward her neighbor gossips, had earned her a bad name. The Tyndalls, however, knew nothing of that, of course, nor of the vulgar prejudices to the disadvantage of her residence; and as for the latter, even if they had been aware of it, they would have held it of no account; for, notwithstanding that painful experience of Arthur's at Brussels, which itself had so waned and weakened since his second marriage that he would now hardly have defended it against sober argument, he was free from superstition; while Jenny both despised and loathed it. She was not an *esprit forte*—though her strong sense of right, and her independence in matters of opinion, led some of her sex to think her so—but she was singularly unimpressionable with respect to mysteries of all sorts. To her mind there was quite enough that was inexplicable in the nature of things without drawing upon human credulity for more wonders; and to suppose that a particular building, such as the Dormers, should have the attribute of attracting the spirits of the departed would have seemed not only absurd to her, but irreverent.

Once away from Swansdale, and its associations with the occurrence that had so shaken her nerves, usually steadfast, her spirits began to recover their tone. The wintry sea, the storms, the very loneliness of their mode of life, delighted her; for had she not always with her the best company in the world in her husband? He, on his part, beheld with thankfulness the color slowly returning to his dear one's cheek, the smile to her lips, the music to her long-silent tongue; and though, alas! while the shadow of her secret trouble was undispelled, there was no fear of Jenny's becoming "too happy" again, Arthur Tyndall and his wife could once more be termed a happy pair. They spent the days either in walking on the sands, or about the primitive little hamlet—the marine inhabitants of which were as picturesque in their characters as were the shingle-built cottages they dwelt in—or in taking drives in the neighborhood. Nothing about it could be described as either grand or beautiful, but much was strange and striking. At the back of the village ran a river, parallel to the sea for miles, and the tongue of land that divided the two waters formed a natural terrace, on which many gallant ships had dashed themselves to pieces, notwithstanding the warning flash of the light-house at its extremity by night, and the tall tower (raised by Danish hands) that stood up sentinel-like by day. From its summit the whole country round showed a level waste, marked neither with road nor hill, but bristling with ancient ruins. Here, at an elbow of the river, and there, on the margin of the sea, and there again, beside some ancient farm-house in the fields (though modern in comparison with *it*), stood tower, or castle, or abbey, all crumbling to decay. They had been doing so, however, for centuries (for their style of building was not that of the Daneton lodging-houses), and every year—not as it treats us men and women, with whom age means ugliness, and decay a loathsome change—had touched them with some new beauty, had added something to them of venerable awe. To one or other of these Arthur and Jenny made their way daily; and in the evening the latter would try to reproduce what she had seen in her sketch-book, while her husband read to her from some favorite volume. It was almost like having their honey-moon over again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE VISION.

So happy were Arthur and Jenny in each other's society at Daneton that they grudged even so slight an intrusion on it as another lodger under the same roof; and when Mrs. Weeks suggested the possibility of the occurrence of such an event, Arthur opposed the idea with vigor.

"I would rather pay the extra rent, Mrs. Weeks," said he, "and thereby secure his room instead of his company."

"But it is not a *he* at all, Sir," remonstrated Mrs. Weeks; "it is only an invalid lady; and she has been recommended here by Dr. Skewbald, the same gentleman as has found 'ozone,' or whatever it is, at Daneton, and is the making of the place."

"I know all that, my good woman: he recommended *us*—but not to come to the Dormers in particular."

"Yes, Sir; but this is different. Mrs. Newton, for that is her name, writes to say, or rather her maid writes for her, that a roomy house close by the sea is indispensable to her health, and that the doctor mentioned the Dormers, knowing, I suppose, that it had given yourselves satisfaction; and as for the poor lady, Sir, you will never know she has come; for she will live in the next house, as it used to be, quite apart, and you need never so much as set eyes upon her."

Thus urged, Arthur gave a reluctant assent to the arrangement; and in due time Mrs. Newton arrived—an elderly lady, much muffled up, and apparently without the free use of her limbs, for she was carried out of the fly into her lodgings. Mrs. Weeks, however, was as good as her word, for if the Tyndalls did "set eyes" upon the new lodger, that was as much as they did. They saw her from the garden, sitting with her knitting-needles at her little window that fronted the sea; and they saw her twice or thrice in her wheel-chair on the sands; and that was all. She kept to her own wing of the old house, and in no respect interfered with them.

On the twelfth day of their residence at Daneton a telegram arrived from Adair requesting Arthur's immediate presence in London on important business. This summons, so unexpected, and so vague in terms, annoyed the husband and alarmed the wife. Arthur was extremely averse to leave Jenny alone at Daneton, and yet this reticence, so uncharacteristic of his friend, as to the nature of the emergency, seemed to heighten the necessity for his departure. Jenny was once more filled with terrors in connection with their unknown enemy. Something must surely have again arisen from that base source to implicate her husband, and that so gravely that its nature could not be even hinted at. She besought him to let her accompany him; but he would not hear of that—the double journey involved hundreds of miles, and she was by no means fit for such travel; he promised to return, however, without fail on the ensuing day. Accordingly she saw him off by the morning train, and returned home-dejected in spirits and full of forebodings. She had never before been separated from her husband even for a day, and in her forlorn and solitary state the Dormers struck her, for the first time, as being a desolate and cheerless place. As she passed through the little market-place, she had noticed that the drum was up, a signal that bad weather might be expected, and the wind was blowing as if for storm. Still, any thing seemed better than the gloom and solitude of the deserted house, deprived of its home spirit, and after a fruitless attempt to occupy her mind with reading, she wrapped herself up warmly and went out. For a time she walked up and down the little garden under such shelter as the low sea-wall afforded; but—what had never happened before, and which showed how her nerves had suffered from the event of the day—the supervision of harmless Mrs. Newton, who sat at her usual post, knitting-needle in hand, annoyed her. Whether the poor lady was really looking at her or not could not be known, since she always had a pair of blue spectacles on her nose; but the idea of such espionage was now become unpleasant, and indeed unbearable. That hateful Mrs. Montague, too, had been described as wearing the same appendages, and even so slight a coincidence as this was not without its effect upon poor Jenny. She left the garden,

therefore, and took a long walk beside the angry sea. The whirling sand, the flying foam, were welcome to her: in the war of wind and wave, and in watching the fishing-boats, as one after another they flew for refuge into the little harbor, she forgot for a time the anxieties that consumed her. Fatigued, but yet refreshed, she came back to her mid-day meal with unexpected appetite; which pleased her, because Arthur had charged her, "For my sake, do feed up, Jenny, while I am away." Like most husbands, he judged of his wife's well-being by the amount of fish and flesh that she consumed, which, under the present circumstances, was rather a fallacious test.

By the afternoon post came a second surprise in the shape of a letter from Blanche Tyndall, inclosing another from her husband. "What it is about," wrote she, "I have no idea; but he sealed it before intrusting it to my hands, which I consider mean."

Its contents were concerning the very thing which had been weighing on Jenny's mind all day.

"I have now found out for certain," they ran, "what, for my part, indeed, I never doubted, that the paper purporting to have been written by the late Mrs. Tyndall must needs be a forgery. The date, you will remember, was December 31, 1860. Well, while pondering over this precious production this morning, and turning it all sorts of ways, literally as well as metaphorically, I happened to hold it up against the light, when this singular fact discovered itself: *The water-mark of the paper is dated* 1862. I went off at once to the makers, whose name I had also become thus possessed of, and they tell me that though it is their custom and that of the trade to post-date their paper, it is never done to any such extent as this. The statement that has given you such annoyance must indeed have been written at least six months, and probably much more, after the death of the late Mrs. Tyndall. Thus the matter is satisfactorily settled, as far as Arthur is concerned; that is, I mean, this deliberate attempt to imbitter his existence is not, what some who knew neither him nor the late Mrs. Tyndall might have otherwise thought it, the revenge of a slighted wife, but the act of some infamous forger. Of course it is unpleasant to feel that one has a secret foe so audaciously malignant, but let us be content to despise until the opportunity presents itself to punish him."

But all this well-meant consolation was thrown away upon Jenny. The discovery itself, indeed, would not have been without its interest, and perhaps its comfort, had it happened at any other time; it was something, as Adair had said, to know for certain that that hateful document was a forgery. But of what nature could the emergency have been that had caused Adair to summon her husband so peremptorily within a few hours of sending this information to herself? It could hardly be in connection with the same subject. He would surely have mentioned something of his intention to telegraph, if, at the time of writing, the idea of such a contingency had occurred to him. Thus, so far from relieving her mind, Adair's letter filled it with alarms and misgivings that were none the less painful because they took no certain shape. She would have once more gone forth, in hopes to find some restorative for her spirits, in the keen, fresh air again, but the gale had now risen in great fury. The few persons who were still about staggered and reeled in the fierce blasts like ships at sea, and while she stood hesitating at the hall door, an old market-woman, just in the act of soliciting her custom in sea-side fashion, was blown down, basket and all. Jenny ran out to help her up, and bade her sit down by the kitchen fire, and have some refreshments; not that the woman needed warmth or food, for she had a shop as well as a stall in the market, and was well to do in the world, but a craving for company had suddenly come upon Jenny which was altogether new to her. Her visitor seemed to perceive this, for she observed, "I dare say you feel lonesome enough, ma'am, to-day without your husband?"

News was precious in Daneton, and every body in it knew by that time that Mr. Tyndall had gone by the early train to London.

"Well," said Jenny, laughing, "that is only natural, is it not?"

"Ay, indeed, ma'am, you may say that," answered the other, sighing. "But you may thank Heaven that your goodman is not, as mine was (God rest his soul!), a sailor, and away from you at his trade on such a day as this."

"Did you lose your husband at sea?" asked Jenny, tenderly.

"Yes, ma'am, I did; years and years ago, when he was no older than Mr. Tyndall, and not so gray-looking; but to this hour I never hear the wind like that but I think I hear him calling for 'Help, help, help!' It's near half a century ago, and yet sometimes the thought comes over me that he may not be dead. Not a plank of his boat ever came ashore to say so. Yes, yes, ma'am, it's well for you as your goodman is no sailor."

"Your story is very sad," said Jenny, pityingly; "but we have most of us our troubles and terrors and uncertainties."

"Ay, ay, I dare say. Gentlefolks is no freer from them than other people. And alone in a house like this, they all seem to come upon you together like, no doubt. Do you ever hear, now"—here the old gossip sank her voice to a whisper, so that Mrs. Weeks, moving busily in and out of the kitchen as usual, should not overhear her—"any thing at the Dormers as you shouldn't hear—voices and noises, and suchlikes?"

"Why, yes," said Jenny, smiling. "I hear Mrs. Weeks speaking pretty sharply to her maid at times (which I suppose I am not intended to hear); and also the rats make such a noise at night that one would sometimes think that a sack of potatoes had been opened and its contents rolled down the stairs."

"Yes, yes; but I don't mean rats: they do tell some queer stories about the Dormers, though, of course, you must know best, and they may be lies. But I have known parties to take the house for a month certain, and then to leave after the first night or two, and 'all on account of the noises.'"

"That seems to me very unreasonable," said Jenny, quietly.

"Well, well, that is as it may be; and, besides, it is not your wing of the house as, they do say, is most troubled. Now that Mrs. Newton yonder"—and the widow motioned with her hand to the wall that stood between them and the next house—"she seems to be no more frightened than yourself; and yet there are scores of people in Daneton as would rather sleep on the beach under an old boat than in her lodgings. It was there, as I dare say you've heard, that poor Miss Waldron— Lor, Mrs. Weeks, how you *did* make me jump."

"You had better jump up and go, then, Widow Bunn," said the keen, dry voice of the landlady, who had come in unobserved while the old woman was absorbed in her narrative, "and before you begin to chatter about matters which don't concern you, and of which you know nothing."

"Well, the wind do seem to have lulled a bit," rejoined the widow, as a blast, more violent than any which had preceded it, shook the house to its very foundations; "so I'll just get home while I can."

Mrs. Weeks only answered her by a scornful look that said as plainly as any words, "You do very right not to argue with *me*," and opened the back-door for her with her own hands.

"That's one of the rubbishy gossiping women with whom all Daneton is overrun," observed she to Jenny; "and I only hope I stopped her in time before she did mischief. She has just been telling you, I'll go bail for it, that because I can't get rid of the rats, and the wind blows against my windows, that the Dormers is full of uncanny noises."

"She did say something of that kind," said Jenny, carelessly; "but I told her that my husband and I had never been incommoded by any thing of the sort. Who was this Miss Waldron that she was going to speak of?"

"My master's daughter, ma'am," said the old lady, curtly. "She was out of her mind, poor soul (though not more so, perhaps, than they as believes such tales as Widow Bunn tells), and died here, or, rather, in the next house. That makes the place melancholy to *me*, who nursed her for many a year, and in whose arms she passed away; but I don't see why it should affect others. It would be difficult to find an old house, I reckon, in which nobody has ever died."

"Yes, indeed," said Jenny. "I hope, however no foolish person will ever talk about it to your other lodger, for, being ill and weak, it might have an unpleasant effect upon her."

"There is no fear of that, ma'am. The poor lady sees nobody to speak to, except her own maid; and, indeed, she has been so ill of late as not to be able to take even her usual half hour's airing in her Bath chair. But I am much obliged to you, ma'am, all the same: it's a great comfort to me, I do assure you, to have such a sensible lady and gentleman under my roof as you and Mr. Tyndall; and I shall take it very kind of you, if you would say a word in its favor when you hear it run down by them fools."

Jenny gladly promised to do this; and yet she did not feel just then that she altogether deserved Mrs. Weeks's compliments upon her good sense and courage. When she found herself alone in her own room, with the wind howling and the sea roaring without, and within the arm-chair vacant of its beloved occupant, the sense of loneliness and desolation recurred to her even more strongly than before. The fire was blazing cheerfully, and the small apartment was well lighted, but nothing could dispel her inward gloom. As the tamarisk bent and swished before the gale, she thought of the drowned sailor of whose fate she had just heard, and every shriek of the wild wind made her start in her chair, as though it had been the maniac cry of the poor girl who had met her end years ago but a few rooms off. Even the ill reputation of the Dormers struck her with a sense of fear. In a word, her nerves were thoroughly shaken, and her thoughts took color from whatever was most sombre and morbid in the store-house of her mind. She sat up, however, reading—if that could be called such which was interrupted by a chill or tremor at every noise without and within—until her usual hour, and then retired to her bedroom. A fire was burning here also; but the apartment looked so cold and cheerless that she lit not only the candles on her dressing-table, but those on the mantel-piece likewise, till the little room was almost as light as by day. It was one of the chambers, of which, as we have already said, there were several at the Dormers, which had once been of larger size, but was now divided by a partition which did not reach the ceiling. On the other side of the partition, but not directly opening into the bed-chamber, was her husband's dressing-closet; and beyond that again was the wall of division between the houses. The passage outside the two rooms terminated, in fact, in the door of communication between them, which was always kept locked.

Under other circumstances, the knowledge that she had only to raise her voice to make her husband hear her in the next room was pleasant and snug enough; but now, when she knew he was not there, the blank space above the wall, with the gloomy stretch of ceiling beyond it, was unpleasant to behold, and only suggestive of vacancy and absence. Most women, perhaps, under such circumstances, would have asked their maid to sleep on the sofa and keep them company for the night, and Jenny herself was half disposed to do so; but she was of a proud and independent spirit, and little inclined to make allowance in her own case for a weakness which she would have pardoned and even sympathized with in that of another. What would Arthur say when he came home on the morrow, and heard that his wife, of whose good sense he had always boasted, had been afraid to pass the night alone! Nevertheless, she did keep her attendant in the room rather longer than usual, upon this or that pretense, and before she left it put a question as to where the chamber bell rang, which showed the direction of her thoughts. "I know it can be heard in the daytime," said she; "but could you hear it if it was rung at night?"

"I could not fail to hear it, ma'am, since it rings just outside my room, where Mary and I sleep together; for, as for sleeping in a house like this alone, I could never do it. It's a good big bell, and if you only jerk it sharp enough, it would be heard all over the house."

She pulled the rope herself to illustrate this remark, but no sound ensued.

"Well, that *is* strange, ma'am, for I hitched in the rope this very day myself, by accident, when I was doing the room, and it pealed like a church-bell." Again she pulled, and again without success.

"Well, perhaps it's the gale, ma'am, as will let nothing be heard but itself, and yet it seems to stick somehow. I'll go to the other end and see whether it does ring."

"It is no matter," said Jenny, who was beginning to feel considerably ashamed of her own pusillanimity. "The roar of such a wind as this may well drown all other sounds. You can leave me now, for I don't feel inclined for bed, and shall sit up reading for a little."

"You are *sure* you wouldn't like me to stay *with* you, ma'am?" said the good-natured maid. "It may well seem lonesome out at this end of the house, and with such a tempest out-of-doors—"

"No, no, thank you," interrupted Jenny, hurriedly: "I have got my books, and shall do very well." She felt quite angry with herself at having called forth such an offer by her show of nervousness. "I shall want nothing more. Good-night."

The maid left her, and she found herself listening to her footsteps along the echoing passage, and then, long afterward, to the closing of the distant door. If she heard *that*, why had she not also heard the bell? An hour passed by. The storm seemed to have spent itself. Like a woman whose passion is almost exhausted, there were still murmurings and mutterings, and now and then a stifled sob close up against the window-pane, but there was now comparative calm. The sea still roared and rolled, but to that she had become as accustomed as is the dweller in a busy thoroughfare to the turmoil of the street. There was nothing without to draw her attention from her book, which was itself an interesting one. And yet she had only read by fits and starts: her ears were alive to the least sound within the house. She had heard the noise which careful Mrs. Weeks had made in raking out the kitchen fire for the night, and the shooting of bolts and locking of doors that had marked her final retirement. The house was at rest so far as its human inhabitants were concerned, and the rats had begun their diversions. Jenny had no "young lady" abhorrences, and was no more afraid of a rat than she was of a black beetle, but still she would have wished them quieter. What a frightful disturbance, and how unlike any other sort of rioting, do those animals make at dead of night! At one time there was a charge of cavalry through half a dozen rooms; at another, a sack, not of potatoes (which was our metaphor by daylight), but of coals, seemed to be rolled up stairs with infinite difficulty, and then, at the highest step, the sack was opened, and the contents let fall from top to bottom. It was enough to account for the noise in fifty haunted houses. Hush! was that a rat in the dressing-room? Something was stirring there, and had seemed to move a chair.

Fully aware of her increasing nervousness, Jenny was resolved not to suffer from what one well acquainted with the human mind has called the worst of nervous terrors, "a noise which the reason can not account for:" she rose instantly, candle in hand, to investigate it, and laid her hand upon the door. As she did so she distinctly heard what, had it been possible to be so, she would have set down to the flutter of a woman's dress in the passage without. She opened the door wide, and holding the candle above her head, looked to right and left, but there was nothing to be seen. On the right hand lay, afar off, the room in which her maid slept, and that occupied by honest Mrs. Weeks—in a word, help and company; on the left was the dressing-room, and the party-wall that shut off the other house. She hesitated a moment as to whether she should not even now arouse her attendant, and accept the offer of her companionship for the night, but pride once more came to her assistance. She determined to explore the dressing-room. With a trembling hand she opened the door and threw it back. She scarcely needed her candle to see all within it, for the strong light from her own chamber coming over the low partition lit it up brightly. There was the little table with its shaving-glass, the "skimpy" chest of drawers, a heap of clothes lying folded in a chair, and a row of boots. Every thing, in short, was in its usual state. What she had heard must have been fancy. Considerably reassured by the result of this examination, and congratulating herself on the effect of her own courage, she was about to return to her own room, when an impulse seized her to try the door of communication (though she well knew it was always locked) between the two houses of which the Dormers was composed. She did so, and what was her surprise and consternation to find it give to her touch—that it was open!

She closed it mechanically, and, with her fingers on the handle, reflected a moment as collectedly as she could. Who could have unlocked it, and for what purpose? Well, perhaps Mrs. Weeks herself had done so, for had she not mentioned that her invalid lodger was not so well, and might not Mrs. Newton have requested it to be left open, in case she should require assistance in the night? This was possible, of course; and even in that moment of panic Jenny accepted this sensible and matter-of-fact solution of the question; the only evidence that she gave of weakness, of her nerves being shaken and unstrung, as, in fact, they were, was that, on returning to her own room, she locked the door. To attempt any longer to read her book, however, she felt would be a mockery; vague terrors were creeping over her, stealthy footfalls and trailing garments were sounding in her ear. She would get into bed and try to sleep. Before doing so she drew aside the blind and looked forth into the night. To her great satisfaction the moon had risen and showed itself through the fleecy, flying clouds; the sea was a waste of foam; the very garden glimmered white beneath her. Even when the candles were all put out, it would not be dark at all. She was about to extinguish those upon the table, when once more she heard that noise in the dressing-room which had sounded so like the scrape of a chair. She looked up mechanically to the partition-wall, and on the top of it, with the strong light cast full upon every feature, was a woman's face—the face of Helen Tyndall, who lay buried in Swansdale church-yard! Jenny gazed at it for an instant with staring, terror-stricken eyes, and then, with one wild cry that rang through the old house from end to end, fell heavily upon the floor.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An elderly lady told her son to list the door, in order to keep the wind out. "That will make it worse, mother," he replied, "for you know the wind bloweth where it listeth."

The following notice of death in the columns of a contemporary is quite capable of two meanings: "Maria B——, wife of Henry B——, Esq., aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

A couple of men being in great spirits, somehow got in the gutter. The most conscious of the two thereat remarked thus to his companion: "Let's get another house; this hotel leaks."

A countryman went to see his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermomokron is twenty degrees above zelon this evening." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

Diet for training Base-ball Players—Batter pudding.

A Boston woman, who has been reading in the papers that Sunday marriages are illegal, writes to the papers to know how it is with a baby born on a Sunday. If so, which should be punished, the father, the mother, or the baby.

There never was an honest redbreast—he is always a *robin*.

In one of the suburban schools a teacher gave out the word "psalter" to a class in spelling. It was a poser to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, and being asked to define it, shouted out, "More salt."

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

The smallest German prince sent a short time since to an American, obnoxious for some reason, a command to leave his dominions in three days. "He is very good," answered the American, "to give me so long a time. I could have done it in three-quarters of an hour."

Model Surgical Operations—To take the cheek out of a man, and the jaw out of a woman.

A magistrate, who felt astonishment at the change of things which had taken place in the present era, has been heard to sagaciously remark that "this is really a wonderful *area* in which we live."

Cloth for a Baker—Dough-skin.

What is the most dangerous kind of assassin?—A man who takes life cheerfully.

A bald-headed friend, of a heavy, phlegmatic temperament, was accosted on the street by a waggish acquaintance with the inquiry, "Tom, why is your head like Alaska?" "Too much for me, Zach—I give it up." "Because it is a *white bear* place."

Quite Right.—A correspondent, who owns a valuable horse, objects to turning him into a pasture for fear he should graze his knees.

A gentleman from California assures us that earthquakes are so common at San Francisco that even the ragged urchins in the streets have shock heads!

The following advertisements have been from time to time clipped from Irish papers:

From the *Freeman's Journal*, 1870: "One pound reward.—Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra Road, about ten o'clock on Tuesday evening."

From the Cork *Reporter* (advertisement of a wine-merchant): "The advertiser, having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about sixty dozen of prime port-wine, lately the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and with a high bouquet."

The two following advertisements appeared in all the Dublin papers, emanating from a well-known livery-stable keeper:

"To be sold, cheap, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new."

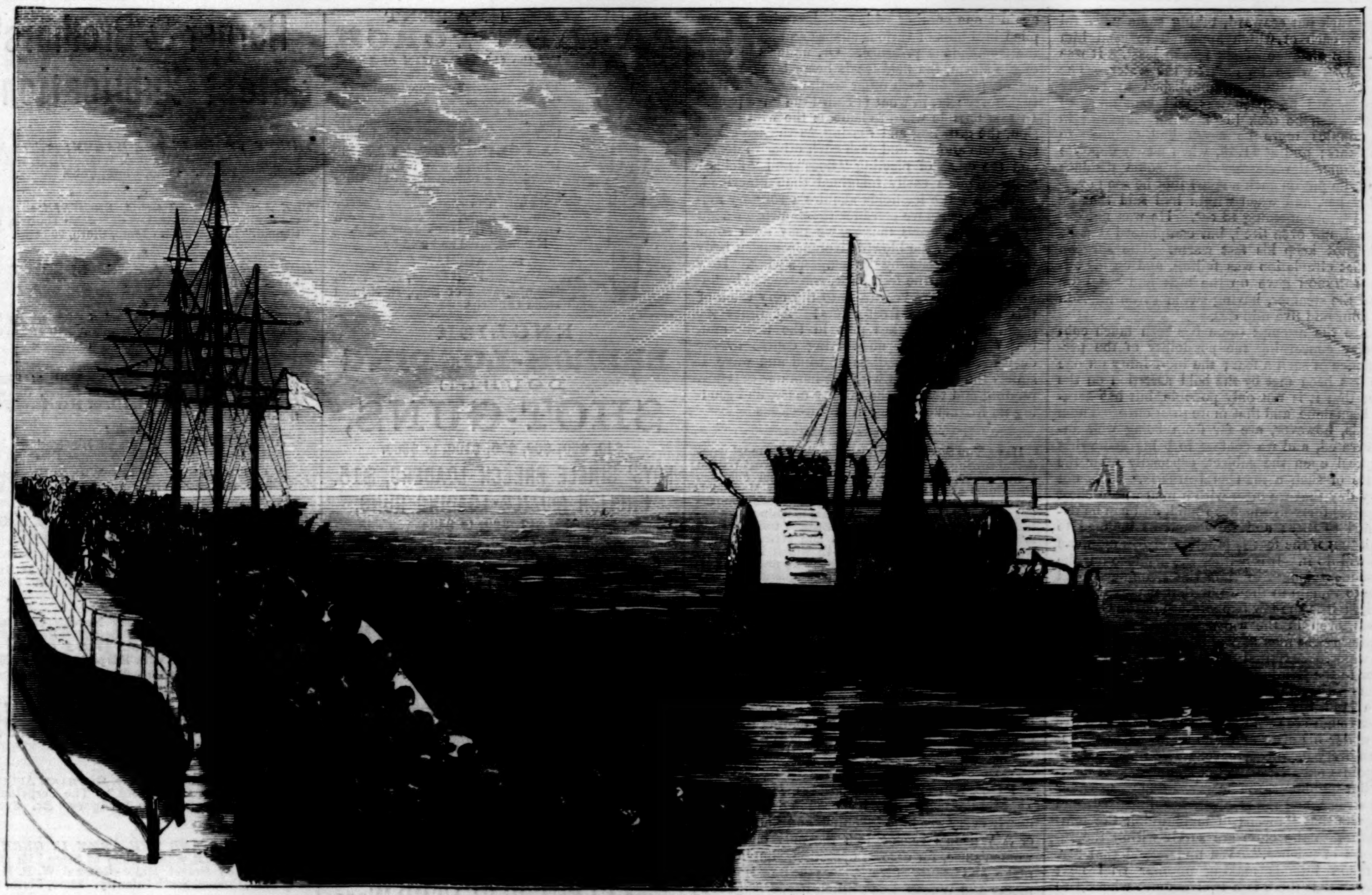
"To be sold, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail."

From *Saunders's Newsletter*: "Ten shillings reward.—Lost, by a gentleman, a white terrier dog except the head which is black.—To be brought to," etc.

To these Irish advertisements may be added one English one, which was the subject of a humorous article in the *Saturday Review* some four or five years since: "To be sold, an Erard grand piano, the property of a lady about to travel in a walnut-wood case, with carved legs."

FALSE PRETENSES: A DRAMA OF WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN—IN FOUR ACTS.

CAUGHT!—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]



THE RECENT ATTEMPT TO SWIM ACROSS THE BRITISH CHANNEL—THE START.

A GREAT SWIMMING FEAT.

A short time ago an Englishman by the name of Johnson announced that he should attempt the extraordinary feat of swimming across the Channel from Dover to Calais. Although he was known to be an expert and powerful swimmer, the announcement was at first regarded as a hoax; but on August 24 Johnson appeared on the dock at Dover, where he was greeted by thousands of people who had assembled to see him off. After a delay of nearly an hour, arising from the stupidity of pier officials, he was allowed to embark on the steamer which was to accompany him on his trip. A short distance from the pier Mr. Johnson came on deck in bathing costume, and mounting the paddle-box amidst tremendous cheering, dived into the water in the most magnificent style. This is the moment chosen for the illustration. He at

GUESSING THE PIG'S WEIGHT.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 774.]

once struck out seaward, taking some powerful strokes, each of which appeared to send him forward a distance of six feet at least. It was 10.40 A.M. when he entered the water. The first two miles were accomplished in twenty minutes, and the pace was still kept up until 11.20, when he took his first refreshment; in ten minutes more he again had recourse to stimulants; and at 11.45, when nearly opposite Folkestone, the steamer being some distance ahead, he put on such a spurt that he soon overhauled her, and when within hail said that he should like something to eat. He was not exhausted, nor even tired, but complained that he could not keep his feet warm. The surgeon saw that circulation was failing, and on his advice JOHNSON gave up the task and went on board the steamer, having swum seven miles in one hour and five minutes.

Since the attempt there has been much controversy concerning the possibility of the performance of such a feat; the incredulity on one side has been met by the bold assertion on the other that it is not only possible, but has actually been done, and that more than once. These legends, however, are far from being well authenticated, and we confess to being somewhat skeptical upon the subject, especially after the failure of such a man as JOHNSON. It is not every day that we meet with a man whose chest measures forty-five inches round, and can be expanded to fifty; and we should be inclined to think that if the feat *is* practicable JOHNSON can and will do it. It is neither the distance nor the consequent length of time the swimmer would have to remain in the water that makes the difficulty: it is the low temperature of the German Ocean, even in the warmest weather. In the Southern Seas men may almost be said to live in the water. A retired naval captain, in a recent letter to the London *Standard*, says that in 1846, when off the Sandwich Islands, about seven miles from land, his ship was hailed by a man (in a good rough sea) who was swimming with a live pig under his arm, and who appeared to take it as an every-day occurrence. The London *Lancet* points out that JOHNSON complained of nothing but numbness, the heart's action was regular and strong, and the respiration unimpaired, and suggests that "means of maintaining the temperature to the close are surely within the resources of science." We understand that Mr. JOHNSON intends making another trial next year, so that there is a twelvemonth wherein to overhaul the "resources of science." But whether any device is hit upon or not, we are convinced that if determination, courage, and skill in natation can effect the Channel passage, Mr. J. B. JOHNSON will ultimately accomplish the feat. In the mean time he might take a hint from the anecdote quoted above, and spend a month at the sea-side practicing daily with a live pig under his arm.

GUESSING THE PIG'S WEIGHT.

THE sport so humorously represented in the lower illustration on page 773 is characteristic of the old farming communities of Long Island. It consists, as the picture itself suggests, in guessing at the weight of a pig by lifting the animal in the manner represented by our artist; and the man who comes nearest the exact number of pounds carries off the prize. A trifling fee for the privilege of taking part in the sport compensates the owner of the pig. When the gathering takes place near a public-house there is usually a good deal of hard drinking—by the unsuccessful because they have lost, and by the winner because he has won. But the sport is generally quiet and good-humored on all sides.

THE RECENT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

BELIEVERS in the idea that electricity is the all-pervading influence will be pleased to hear that Professor Palmieri, who watched the eruption of Vesuvius from his observatory on the mountain, says the electric currents developed in the mountains were very strong. These phenomena are not produced in every eruption. Professor Palmieri observed that during the last a great quantity of lightning darted and played about the large cone of smoke and ashes which rose from the crater. The lightning was produced by the violent jets of smoke and ashes, by means of which the electric current is formed previous to bursting. He further says, "I have analyzed the smoke which rises above the lava, and have been well roasted, but I discovered that it is soluble in salt-water." From this he inferred that at the depths of the volcano there was a communication between the sea and the fire during the terrible convulsions. Speaking of the appearance of the mountain during the eruption, he said that the entire cone seemed as though it were sweating fire through all its pores. By night these pores appeared like points of fire nailed on to the back of the mountain; by day they were changed into smoke, and resembled so many whitish-colored holes.

THE NORTHERN ICE-FIELDS.

THE enormous extent of the great ice-fields to the north of us can hardly be imagined, except by those who have encountered them in their native element. A storm in these icy solitudes is said to be grand and awful beyond all powers of description. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic, rolling in huge continuous ridges, heaves the pavement of ice on its mighty folds, and alternately lifts up the vessels as playthings on its broad domes and swallows them in its deep hollows. Speedily the broad ice-field, several hundred square miles in area, is broken up into countless floes, or smaller pieces, which, dashing against one another with resistless violence, are piled into hills of various shapes and sizes under the tremendous pressure. Or, under the force of the storm, the field-ice is heaped together in sheets, piled on each other to the height of thirty or forty feet, in what is called the "ice-pack." In this terrible war of elements the wild confusion, the growling and roaring, as the ice-giants smite one another and dash each other to death, and the crash of meeting "floes" and "fields," may be more easily imagined than described. Frequently the ice-fields acquire a rotatory motion; and when we consider the immense weight of these ponderous masses, we may form some faint notion of the blow delivered by such a body when set in motion by the tempest's wing. How wonderful that the frail bark, constructed by human fingers, dare venture into the very thick of this battle of the frost-giants! At times the gigantic iceberg takes part in the fray; and, borne along in its unswerving course by the deep-sea current, heedless of wind and wave, it smites the ice-floe as with the hammer of Thor, rending and tearing the mighty mass, and sending its fragments flying in all directions

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?—Have you seen the most wonderful sewing machine of the age? The great Wilson Under-Feed, the machine which received *Fourteen Premiums* at the late Ohio State Fair at Mansfield, notwithstanding the many sewing machines competing against it. This elegant sewing machine is on exhibition at the N. O. Fair, and attracts universal admiration for its superior finish and style, beautiful work, easy and quiet manner in which it stitches, braids, etc. Unfortunately, there are no premiums offered this year at the N. O. Fair, consequently the Wilson can not show its superiority over *all other* machines in carrying off all the premiums, as it *has done before*. No machine ever exhibited has met with such success in *receiving premiums* as the Wilson. It is the best sewing machine in the world, and the *Sweeping Victories* it has gained, the large sales that are daily made, and the increasing demand for it, are the best proofs that it has no equal. The magnificent salesrooms of this company, corner of Superior and Bond Streets, will be brilliantly illuminated every evening this week, to give every one an opportunity to examine the Wilson and see the Palace of Sewing Machines. —*Cleveland Daily Herald*, Sept. 13, 1872. The salesroom in this city is at 707 Broadway.—[*Com.*]

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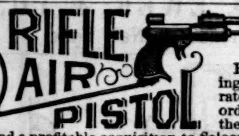

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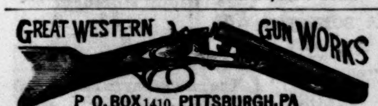

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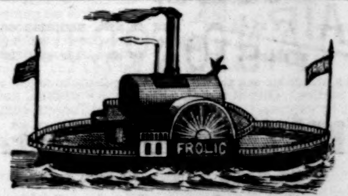

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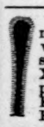

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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000.

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The whole amount of the authorized Capital Stock of this Company not having been issued, the balance will be issued to subscribers at par, payment for same to be made in four installments of 25 per cent. each, viz.:

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Books now open at the office of the undersigned will be positively closed at 3 P.M., Oct. 1st, 1872.

The total amount of full-paid stock issued at this time is **$414,700,** and on this basis the Company shows a present surplus of **$136,280 97,** and is now doing a flourishing business. Over one thousand men are almost constantly employed in their extensive works, and they now have on hand **$2,500,000** of work for various railroads in the United States (among which may be mentioned the **Chicago, R. I., & Pacific; Lake Shore & M. Southern; Chicago & N. Western; Missouri, Kansas, & Texas; Michigan Central; Missouri Pacific, &c., &c.**), and the net profit on this work alone will be over **$400,000.** The Company is now offered work to the amount of more than **$6,000,000,** including some of the largest bridges ever built in this country; to accept of which, and further business, necessitates a larger working capital, as immense amounts of material have to be kept constantly on hand, and the Company are frequently obliged to receive, in part payment for their work, railroad and other bonds, which are perfectly good securities, but not always immediately marketable.

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The Iron Railroad and Highway Bridge at Leavenworth, of three spans of 340 feet each, and the Union Pacific Bridge across the Missouri River, of eleven spans of 250 feet each, were constructed by this Company.

The net profit arising from this business, as shown by the books of the Company, up to the 31st of March, 1872, was the sum of **$373,482 14,** or at the rate of **$224,089 28** *per annum*, being over **50** *per cent.* upon the capital stock then outstanding. With the proposed new structures, machinery, &c., the Company will have much greater capacity, and the proceeds of the increased issue of stock will enable them to buy material for cash, thereby making a saving of from **$50,000** to **$75,000** per year.

The Company can undoubtedly, on above basis, make dividends of from **20** to **25** *per cent. per annum* on the full amount of capital, **$1,000,000,** with a fair prospect of considerable increase.

The undersigned are prepared to give to those inquiring the fullest details and entire satisfaction regarding the reliability of the Company's statements, and the unquestioned integrity and ability of its officers.

We confidently commend to capitalists the above as an investment worthy their attention.

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(ORIGINAL)

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Of HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED, MAY, 1862.

SAM'L E. ELMORE, *President.* JOHN S. RICE, *Vice-President.*
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BY GUSTAVE DORÉ AND BLANCHARD JERROLD.

To be Completed in Twelve Parts.—Part 7.

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CHAPTER XII.

LONDON UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

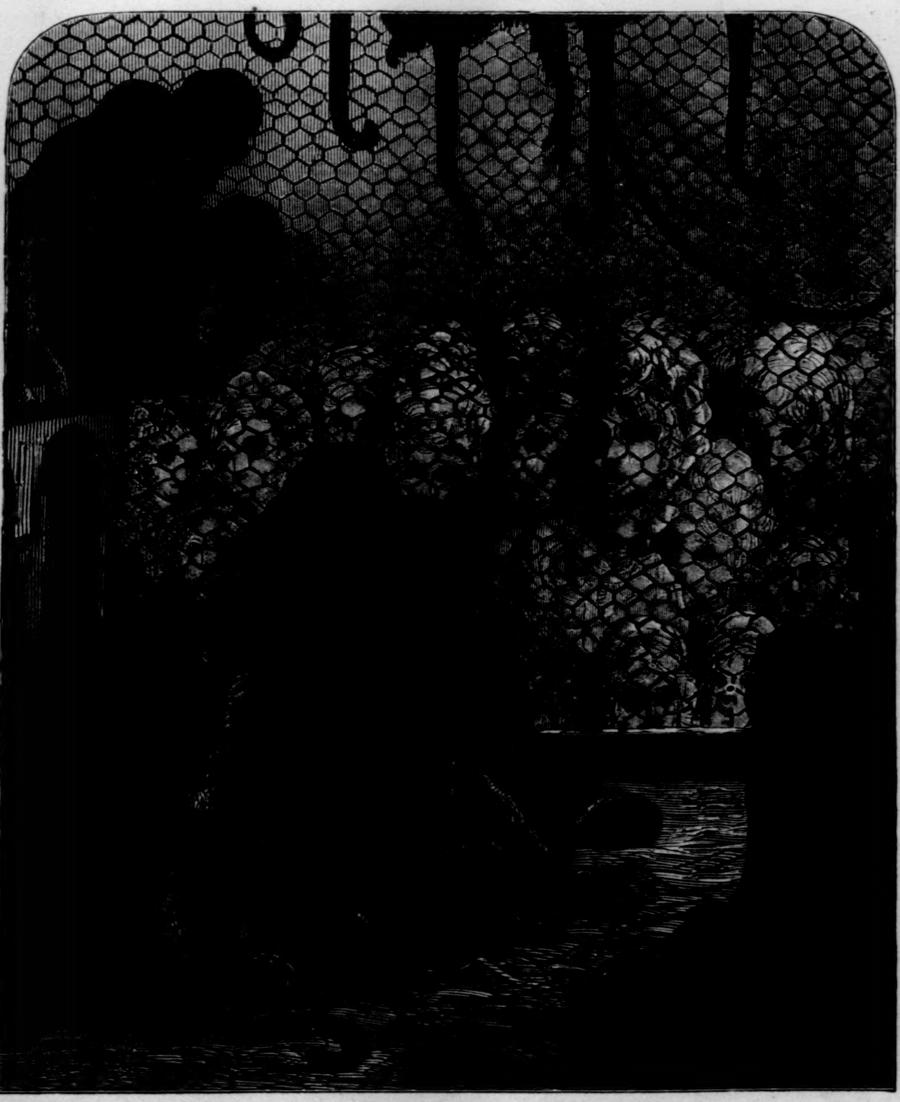
SURELY the most obstinate and prejudiced traducer of London must admit that the Cockney is well provided with greenery. The picturesqueness of the St. James's and Regent's Parks, and of Kensington Gardens, is not to be matched by any capital with which I am familiar, or of which I have heard. In these open places there are sylvan recesses and sylvan views that carry the mind and heart hundreds of miles from the noise and dirt of Cheapside. The scene which my fellow-pilgrim drew, lying upon the grass in the Regent's Park, one summer afternoon, would suggest a view cut out of the bosom of the Royal county, but for the peopling of it by nursery-maids, children, idlers, and the inevitable Life-Guardsman. There are corners in Kensington Gardens, and there is timber there, not surpassed by all the wealth in beauty of Windsor. Nay, in some of our London squares—in Lincoln's Inn Fields, for instance, which is barbarously fenced off from the Londoner's tread—there are scenes ready to the landscape painter's hand.

London under green leaves presents, in short, to the foreigner, a constant source of wonder and delight.

Then, again, the suburbs of London are renowned, wherever traveled people abide, for their rich and rare natural beauties. The sylvan glories of the English home counties have attracted all who, having business in London, can afford to escape well away from the sound of Bow Bells (sound that many a Cockney never heard) and enjoy a sleep within sight of the buttercups. Having finished our labors for the day among all classes, and shades of classes, of the metropolis, and had more than our share of fog and smoke, we have often hied to the outskirts. In this way, bit by bit, we have made a journey round the world of London—watching the great city, upon the ruins of which Lord Macaulay's New Zealander is to gaze, from every height; from Muswell Hill on the north, and Sydenham on the south; from Highgate and Hampstead; and, lastly, from the hill of Richmond.

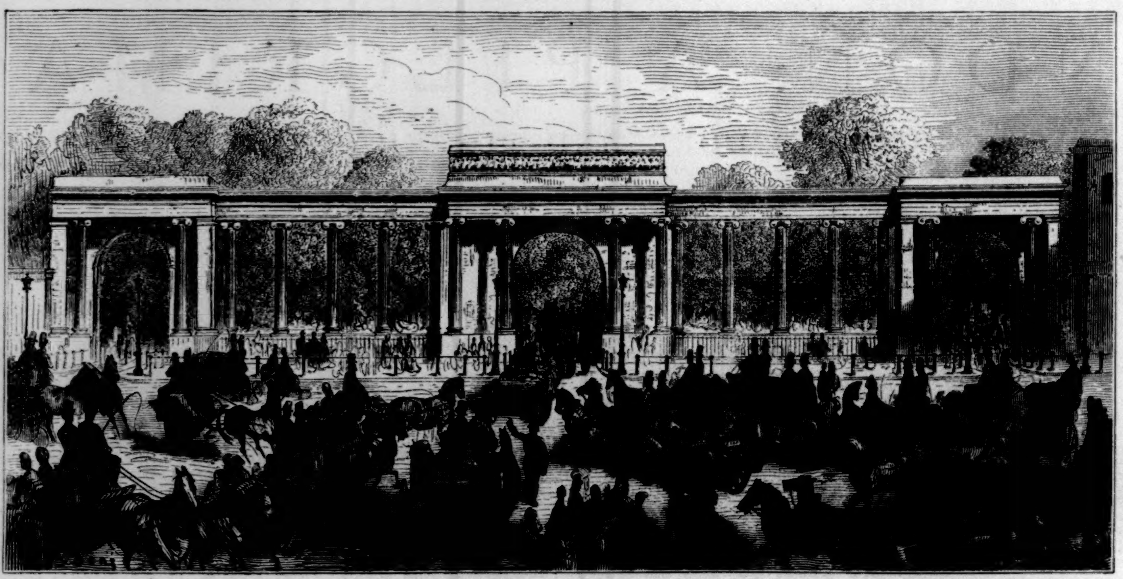
THE SANDWICH MAN.

The general view of London in the time of Charles the Second, that Macaulay has included in the famous third chapter of his history, and which was the result of laborious days in the British Museum, and a vast stretch of reading through obscure pamphlets and correspondence, is of the kind we contemplated—only of the London that was living and toiling under our eyes. "Whoever examines the maps of London," Macaulay writes, "which were published toward the close of the reign of Charles the Second, will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex, and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now stretches from the Tower to Blackwall had even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of building which are inhabited by



ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—THE MONKEY HOUSE.

the noble and wealthy was in existence; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants. On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns, over the site of the borough of Marylebone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude; and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London. On the south, the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars. In 1685 a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomey, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river."



HYDE PARK CORNER—PICCADILLY ENTRANCE.

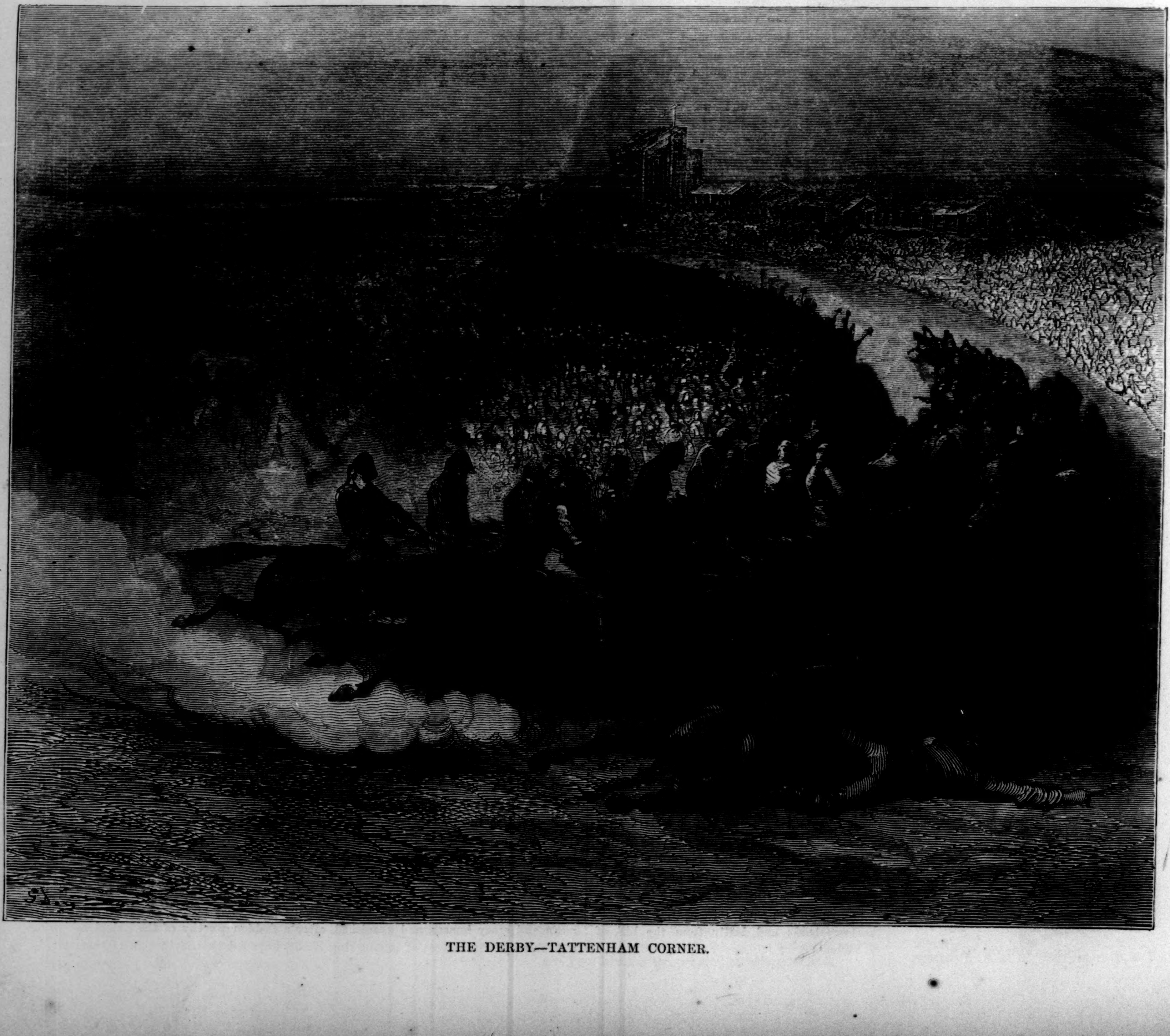
The face of the historian is familiar to most of us. Many of us have heard his voice in the Senate: the chosen few have been charmed with his ripe, full talk in the study and at the breakfast-table. And yet his contrasts, between his present and the days of Charles the Second, suggest a further contrast—almost as startling as his own. The ducks are fed in the St. James's Park from an iron suspension-bridge. The under-ground railway from Paddington to the City; the Thames Embankment; the Holborn Viaduct; the new Bridges at Westminster and Blackfriars; the broad streets skirted with palatial offices which have been driven through the City, opening up the east and west traffic; the railway through Brunel's Thames Tunnel; and lastly, the extraordinary net-work of the metropolitan railway system that brings the locomotive almost to every man's door, are salient points of a London that would be as strange to the spirit of the historian, could he stir from his cerements to look upon it, as the London of Charles the Second's time appears to all of us, under the magic touches of his vivifying pen. When Macaulay wrought the third chapter of his history, men had not dreamed that they would pass under London from the Great Western to the heart of the City; nor that a merchant from his counting-house would be able to talk with New York and Calcutta. The New York gossip of yesterday is ours upon our breakfast-table. We can almost hear the hum of Wall Street.

If externals are forever changing, however, in this London which has few venerable aspects, because of the energy of the race that dwells within in, the citizens themselves are modified by slow degrees; and it is with these, chiefly, that we have dealt. They are nowhere to be studied to greater advantage than upon the broad green spots which are the glory of London; and for which the Londoner would fight more ferociously than for any other right or privilege whatever.

In the St. James's Park, betimes in spring and summer, are to be found men, women, and children of all degrees, bowered in abundant greenery. The veriest Tom Allalone is to be seen furtively angling for sticklebacks, and dodging the park keepers from point to point. The nurses are in groups airing children as fresh as the roses nodding in the shrubberies; and legislators and ladies are of the mixed party. We pass over the shoulder of the Green Park to Hyde Park and the Ride; and here are only the gently born and gently nurtured, driving the heat and faintness of the ball-room out by spirited canters through a grove of such green leaves as only our well-abused English climate can produce.

Hyde Park at the height of the season; Hyde Park on an afternoon when the Four-in-Hand Club is out in full force, is the best picture we can present to the stranger of the pride and wealth, the blood and bearing, the comeliness, beauty, and metal of Old England.

In the Park are the grand head-quarters of fashion that are not to be matched for stateliness, variety, and natural beauty; and where all the loveliness seen on drawing-room nights at the Opera is to be met betimes gathering fresh roses amid the greenery.



THE DERBY—TATTENHAM CORNER.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH THE BEASTS.

"OPERA very full last night," or "Didn't get home till two," or "Lady Ermine looks well after the crush," are the greetings upon the grass on Sunday afternoons in the season, after Whitsuntide, in the Zoological Gardens.

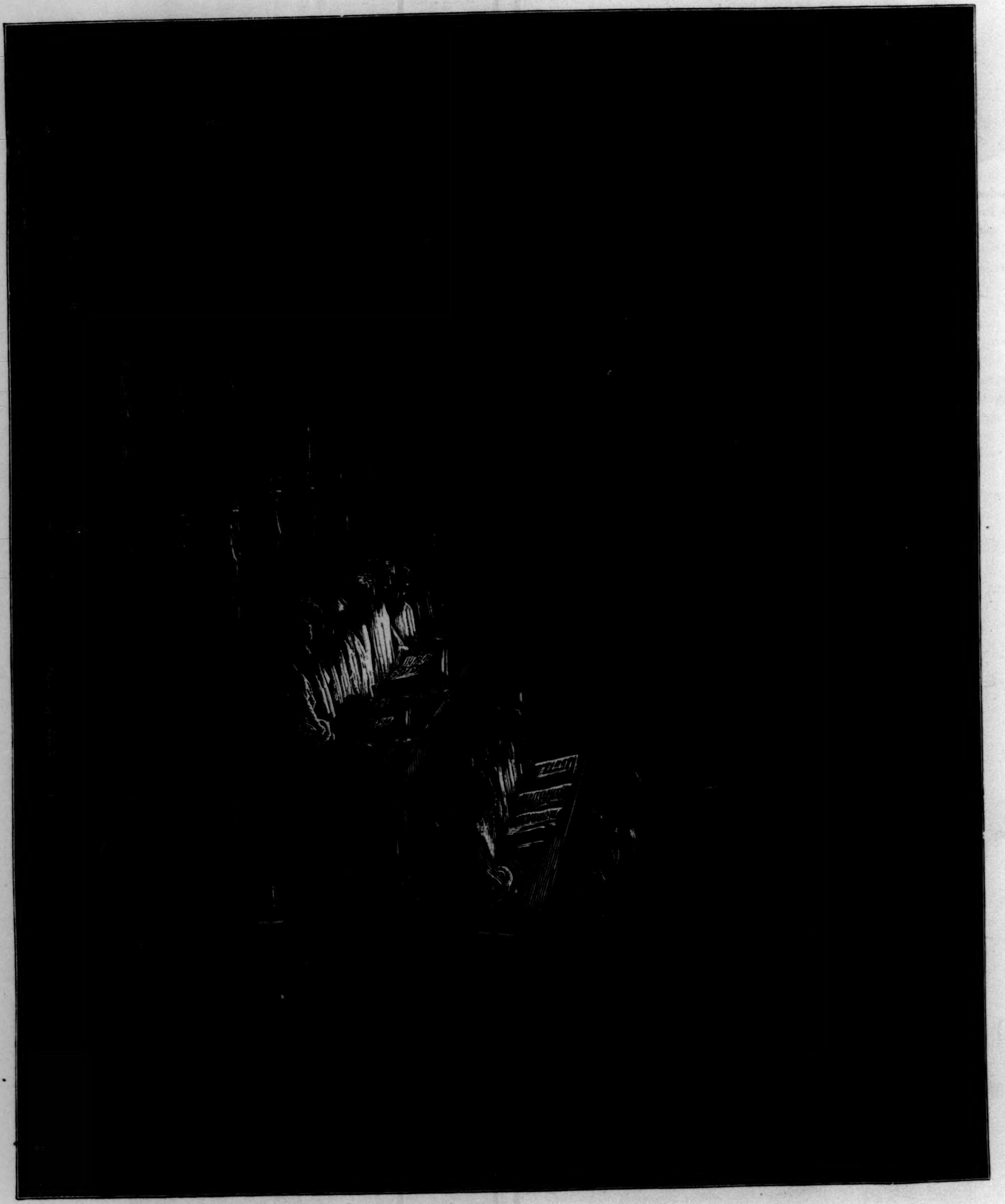
No wonder that the quiet lounges in the Gardens were so popular before they reached the honors of burlesque and the vulgar wits of the music-halls. It is the very place for quiet easy talk in the open air, with the animals to point the conversation. The sentimental linger by the gazelles; the hoyden makes merry with the parrots; the humorists gather in the monkey house; the muscular-minded Amazon watches old Leo rasping the shin-bone with his rough tongue. The Sunday *habitué*, besides, will pass all London in review in the course of the season—from the Prince and Princess to the latest fantastic embassador from

"Cruel islands 'mid the far-off sea."

The heroes of debate, the silver-tongued advocate whom Rumor credits with a yearly gain of thirty thousand pounds; the sleek and winning fashionable physician who fascinates while he cures; the professor who crams the Royal Institution and secures the breathless attention of whole parterres of pretty women, who learn from him to talk of "things which they don't understand;" the bearded and furrowed traveler who has seen half the zoological collection in their native hills, or valleys, or waters; the *prime donne* of last night who packed the rival Opera-houses, each attended by a proud obsequious court—here they are meandering, lolling, flirting, laughing, or garnishing their discourse with scandal—delicately as a Gouffé handles *ail* or vanilla. The art of carrying a chair—possibly two chairs—with ease and grace is being practiced by dozens of gentlemen, with little

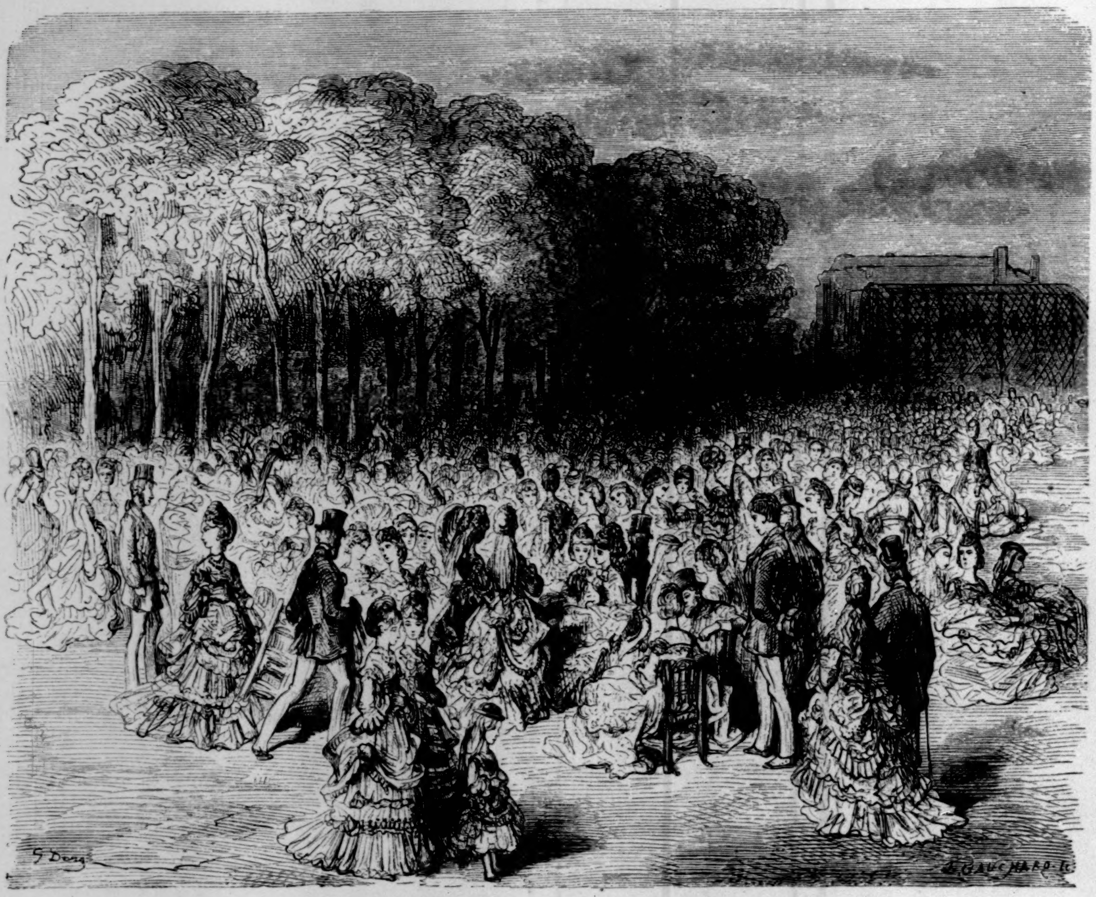
THE FLOWER HAWKER.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—THE PARROT WALK.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE CHOIR.

THE LADIES' MILE.



ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—SUNDAY PROMENADE.

success. We are not a pliable race. From their artificial eyries the eagles appear to look down, with scornful glance, as disdainful of the proudest beauty who raps her dainty parasol against the wires of the cage, as of the impudent London sparrows who skim, chattering, through it.

"Let us go and see the lynx: there is a fellow with a wicked face, if you like," said my fellow-pilgrim. And we went forthwith to afford our broad-eared friend a *quart d'heure de Rabelais*. The lynx was, as the fashionable idler puts it, "in good form;" and, as he was stirred from corner to corner, afforded the observing artist a good study of the various expressions of hate and rage. He was right. There is not a more thoroughly wicked face in creation that I can call to mind than that of the lynx in his wrathful moments.

To the Parrot Walk! We agreed that it was thoroughly English in its early summer dress. The canal below creeps through banks of superb greenery; the banks have a tender spring tint; the shrubberies are gay with flowers; the blackthorn fills the air and delights the eye with its blossoms; the laburnum ripples its gold through the laden branches of the limes. The mind is strangely disturbed in this essentially English lane—that has no look of a garden—when the elephants come along with a mighty shambling gait, and a degraded air under the cart-whip of the keeper; and when the screams of the parrots draw the eye to their radiant plumes floating under British greenery. "He looks as though he had been rolling upon your palette," said I to my fellow-pilgrim, while he dallied with the gaudiest of the gaudy company. And then we talked of the varieties of cruel and of kind expressions that are to be found in a zoological collection: from the stealthy, sleek, impassible low head of the polar bear, to the sinister eye of the skulking serpent.

The lovers of the animals make the usual round, and watch the health and changes of appearance of the fine specimens with real anxiety. I have known human lovers of the wombat; frequenters who appeared to take an almost family interest in the fretful, shivering chimpanzee, who died in our bitter climate of consumption; and special visitors to the cloudy tiger. I came upon a member of the Landseer family the Sunday the famous old lion died. The kind old gentleman was passing from group to group asking sympathy in his distress; and he grasped my hand when he told me the bad news, and looked into my face to watch my distress. The real *habitués* and watchers of the collection were apparent on that day; and they were to be seen sauntering pensively from cage to cage and house to house, marking the condition of each favorite.

"I always end with the monkeys," said an illustrious *savant* to me, when we discussed the ways in which the various people did the Gardens.

"And I with the serpents," said a queenly lady, with a soft, small voice.

"And I with the hippopotamus," said a sculptor; "he is so like Professor Goggleton."

We were on the side of the monkeys; and we were with the majority.

In the greenery which is accessible to the Londoner, in the Parks, in these Gardens, at Windsor, Hampton Court, Greenwich, Chiswick, and Kew, there are studies of nature that delight and refresh every cast of mind. As in the Regent's Park the holiday-maker can study the animal life of every clime, so at Kew, in the palm house, he can transport himself from the vapory richness of English park scenery to the climes where the banana spreads its festoons of luscious food. The rich have Chiswick, and the Botanical, and the Horticultural Gardens: the many are delighted with the flower shows of the Crystal Palace and the ever-blossoming slopes of Sydenham, that grow in beauty, year by year, under the loving and learned eye of Mr. Grove. These shows and public gardens have given to the poorer classes the taste for flowers which the hawker satisfies, at a cheap rate, even in the foggy lanes of the East End. When the primroses are first cried in London streets, the poor Cockney feels the first kiss of the Spring upon his pale cheeks. He watches the cheapening of flowers day by day. It is a pity there are no

HYDE PARK CORNER—THE ROW.

markets for them—as there are in foreign cities—open on spring and summer evenings to home-returning work-folk. Every barrow that appears in the poor man's street is as a fresh landscape to him. The wall-flower is a revelation, the ten-week stock a new season, the carnation a dream of sweet Arabia.

So, may the flower hawker long prosper in our Babylon!

TOO PRESUMING.

SAID she, "Pray tell me, if you can,
Why men so bashful are?
They fall in love, and dream, and sigh,
And worship us afar;
But when they strive to tell the tale,
They stutter, hesitate—and fail!

"We ladies like a man, you know,
One not afraid to speak—"
And here I thought a blush appeared
Upon the maiden's cheek.
Then to myself I said, "I see
This maiden's heart belongs to me."

Then out I spake: "Oh, lady fair,
My heart, my life is thine!
And since I boldly speak my love,
Pray wilt thou not be mine?"
"No, Sir!" said she, with wondering stare.
"Strange, how presuming some men are!"

BABETTE.

BABETTE sat in the doorway of the old hut, dreaming. Her clumsy shoes were flung aside; her bare feet touched the water that rippled up to the very door.

"A crazy old place," the country people called it; and there certainly was a wild Ophelia-like grace about the ruinous building, crowned with tufts of wiry, wind-blown grass that, spiring up through the chinks of the roof and in the crannies of the decayed window-sills, caught here and there the sunlight, and lent a changeful charm to the desolate spot.

Far back and beyond it stretched the sea-beach, the long sandy levels, over which at tide-rising the sea came crawling up, shaking the old ruin to its very foundations. Indeed, there was a legend that the last inhabitant of the place—a solitary fisherman—had been swept away one wild night long ago, when the waves broke over the roof of his habitation. At any rate, though the village below and the great hotels on the cliffs were overflowing with summer guests, no one had sought to utilize this habitation, though the boys had signalized its advantages in a rude placard to this effect, "This 'hole house to let." The only occupants to-day were the sea-shells, the drifts of sea-weed, and Babette.

She sat in the doorway on an old boat that had floated in thither, bottom side up, in some overflow of the sea, and remained there ever since.

In her hands she held a web of that light, spider-like work whereby women love to keep their active fingers busy, knitting themselves by a fairy thread to the actual world, while their thoughts are free to wander airily whither they wist.

The girl was looking afar off seaward, where a quiet isle, luminous and sun-crowned, dotted the distance half-way out—idle, pleasant, drifted away from the cares of the busy main-land, and basking dreamily in the rosy light.

Babette sympathized with that island. It seemed to her it would be a gracious thing to get away from the actual commonplace necessities of life as she had known it; to dwell apart in some trance-like solitude from the tramp and whirl and worry of existence. For the girl had been a hard worker in her time, as many dreamy-eyed women are, and they were not altogether idle and cloud-like fancies that absorbed her as she sat. For she was a business woman, was Babette, and that moment was revolving the problem of getting a living. The peach bloom on her cheek, and the young light in her eyes, did not render the problem less difficult of solution.

Her school-days at the village academy were ended—those doubtful yet quiescent days when, by dint of incessant drudgery as an under teacher, she had wrung out a sort of education for herself, and graduated in fluttering white at once and forever out of the caterpillar state. That pretty excitement, that brief flash of light on her stormy pathway, over, she had come back to her old aunt Marget's cabin. But she could not live there dependent; live and die there. Its scanty fare, its bare floors, its solitude among the hills, its shelter of wind-swept pines that climbed the sterile crags and looked down on the far ocean—these things had satisfied her once, as it had satisfied her to hunt sea-shells along the shore with Cousin Tom.

But Cousin Tom had gone out from the sea-shore to the great sea and the great world beyond. Why should she not do so too?

A sharp but not unkindly voice broke in upon her reverie. "Babette! Why what upon airth! Child you'll get your death o' cold, as I've often told you afore, in this damp, unwholesome place."

The speaker's tall, wiry figure and clean sun-bonnet carried an incisive meaning with them, well calculated to put to flight dreams of whatever nature.

"I haven't been here long, Aunt Marget," said Babette, rousing with a flush from her reverie.

"Why, I've been looking for you this hour past, 'pears to me. Professor Peebles has been to the house inquirin' arter you, and he's coming agen."

Babette did not appear to be exhilarated by the information. She sat listless, her foot playing idly with the dimpling water.

"I'm on an arrant down to the village," said the busy old woman; "but you can run home and tidy up things a bit, and dress yourself."

"I—I can't. I don't want to see him."

"La, child, you mustn't be so bashful! He wants to see you. So run along and smart yourself up."

A school-master and a parson were in Aunt Marget's eyes two objects of special reverence.

"But I'm so—so tired," urged Babette, with some hesitation.

"Tired!" repeated the old woman, not unkindly. "I don't know what has come over young folks nowadays: in my time it took something to tire 'em. Well, child, you'll feel better when you've had a morsel of something, and dressed yourself. Put on that new white dress for once in a way, just to please Master Peebles."

"My white dress! Why, aunty, you're getting extravagant. I want to save that white dress."

"Tut, tut, child, you ought to be more grateful—"

"Grateful! Aunt Marget, why should I be grateful to that old snuff-taking professor? I like him not: I will be to him no more a pupil." In her excitement the girl's words gathered a certain faint foreign accent, and she waved her hand with a gesture significant of utter contempt. "Why?" she repeated, her nostrils dilating.

Aunt Marget, nothing shaken by the wrath she had excited, said, quietly, "He gave you that dress."

The flushed face grew white as the sea-sand. A gray shadow fell upon it, changing its fresh young beauty as night-fall changes the sea-shore.

She turned away silently, and Aunt Marget pursued her errand along the beach.

That dress with its pretty ruffles, its dainty folds and ribbons, in which Babette had for once felt young and fresh and lightsome as other girls, and which she had somehow ascribed to Tom—she must give up that pretty dream now. Instead of that she had been humiliated, a recipient of hateful favors. Her aunt was tired of her—her aunt, whose goodness she had never doubted, tired of her, felt her a burden, and had accepted the assistance of strangers.

"I must go away!" said poor Babette, writhing in her stricken pride; "but whither?"

Sinking down on the old skeleton boat, she buried her face in her hands.

Aunt Marget, as she was called by all her neighbors, was a well-known character in these parts. Her tall spare figure, and clean scant calico, were familiar to every one who dwelt alongshore; and a rude sort of respect was accorded her, notwithstanding that she ranked among the poorest of the poor.

A thorough-going woman was Aunt Marget, after the New England type; angular, thrifty, uncompromising; having no thought of adapting herself to modern times and ways; having no misgiving of her fitness for any thing in this world or the next; neither humiliated by her position nor harboring a thought of rising above it.

She cultivated her little garden-patch with her own horny hands, and in the season eked out her scanty living by selling fish, or clams, or the like to the big hotels farther down the shore.

It had never occurred to her that any kith or kin of hers was entitled to be on the charity list because her hands were hard with labor and her back overburdened—bless you, no! There was Tom, now, the wild young fellow: she *had* had her hands full with Tom; but, after all, the boy had turned out not so bad—not so bad, thank Providence, after all!

Yet why her poor silly sister should have married a foreigner, and a Frenchman at that—a ne'er-do-weel, who never did any thing in the world worth doing but going out of it—why Providence should have permitted such a thing, was a problem she could not clearly make out. But when the sister died also, leaving her little ten-year-old Babette to Marget's keeping, the burden was cheerfully accepted, without reference to the problem involved.

Not knowing exactly what to do with her little pensioner, Aunt Marget sent her to the village academy: that at least would get the problem out of her way for a little time, and the child would be losing that heathenish accent.

Very scant were the scrapings that went to support the orphan at school, and Babette had had some bitter experience of her own in the way of half pupil, half teacher, and wholly drudge in the great seminary which was the pride of the place.

Very few friends she had, fewer still since Tom had gone for a sailor. She longed for a friend, and fate, as is its wont, had sent sinister answer to her prayers in the shape of Professor Peebles, the teacher of mathematics. This man made himself odious to the girl by his officious attentions, which her humble position rendered more annoying because she was so much in his power.

Politely, and with as little expression as possible, she hated the professor and his mathematics. A big empty-headed man, with a soul the size of a cipher, a smart figure, a wig, and a gold-headed cane; an elderly man, who had never attained the beauty and dignity of age, and never would: oh, the learned professor, with all his arithmetics at his back, could not render any solution of this one humble maiden's shyness and coldness. Neither Euclid nor commonsense shed any light, and he pursued his stupid fancy until the young girl learned to shun his presence with unspeakable antipathy.

And here he was seeking her out again. And she had accepted a gift from him, and shone and blushed and been happy in the rag that her anger should have burned to ashes. Her whole nature felt demoralized and beggared by the thought. But over all the ruin and desolation the remembrance of Tom lingered like a glimmer of sunlight. To go out into a world which held Tom in it might not be so utterly desolate, after all.

And so thinking, she stretched herself out wearily on the old boat and fell asleep.

The twilight faded over the sea, the long stretches of sand lost their yellow lustre, an ominous shadow, like an east wind made visible, brooded in the sky—and still Babette slept.

Slept while the tide came creeping, creeping, with snake-like silence and rapidity, farther up the shore, lapping in the drifts of sea-weed to wash them ocean-ward again, and making an island of the sand-bank where the old hut stood.

At last it touched the top of the upturned shallop, it kissed the bared feet of the sleeper, and she awoke. Scared and amazed, she rubbed her eyes and looked about. On every side a very ocean seemed to stretch, rising, rising, swayed by a fierce wind, gathering wrath against the day of wrath, the blackening, on-rushing tempest! Only at the back of the hut a slim, thread-like peninsula still stretched a little way out toward the rocks beyond.

On this peninsula at this moment stood a horseman—a wiry, well-brushed man, angular as one of Euclid's problems. Babette looked upon him with wide, startled eyes, as if she saw an embodied nightmare.

"Quick!" he cried. "There's not a moment to lose. You will have to ride for your life, or swim. Come, my pretty one, I've been waiting for you all the afternoon. Give me one kiss, and mount here by my side."

Babette shuddered. "You do well to insult me when no one is near, Master Peebles. I am in no need of assistance. I will wait till the tide falls."

"Falls!" he repeated, with an unpleasant laugh, "the tide to-night will be many a foot over that old hovel. Come."

There was no answer.

"You are a little fool," said the school-master, violently. "I can compel you to come with me. I have you all in my power now." He stretched out his hand, but Babette eluded the grasp.

"You will not stay here and die?" he queried.

"If God sends no one else to my rescue."

"Come, come, that is childish nonsense and stubbornness. God has sent *me*. You are risking my life as well: I shall have some ado now to reach shore with this old nag, though he can swim pretty well. The tide is rising every minute; there is a great storm coming. Nobody will see you. Only one kiss, and I will bear you in my arms to safety."

"I will not give it—not to buy heaven."

"But you shall!" he cried, his face gathering passion and insolence at the unaccustomed thwarting of his will. "It is my duty to save your life, my girl, and I must do it in my own way."

A cry of fear and despair broke from the lips of Babette as she looked at the face confronting her—a face whose hard and cruel lines a life-long submission to rules and decency had only deepened. Those lines, distorted now, losing the sanctimonious smirk that was their wont, revealed as on a map a very villain.

"God help me!" she said, and turned to flee—whither? To fling herself into the waves and be carried out to the great hungry depths beyond? Death was not a pleasant thing for a young girl to contemplate—a young girl full of rosy life, just lifting her blossom-like head to look at the world. There was a good deal to love, after all, in the world, with all its shadows: and there was Tom. Tom was no shadow. But Babette did not hesitate for one instant. She had some of the old Puritan blood in her veins, or, perhaps, some of the old Huguenot—a stubbornness that had made good martyrs when need was. She would have died rather than submit to be saved by this man.

At that moment, as she turned away, glancing with despairing and fearful eyes over the encroaching waste, a vision seemed to pass before them; their blue orbs dilated, gathered sudden gleam and light. A little boat, manned by a single oarsman, rounded the corner of the island.

The school-master saw it also. He delayed not an instant, but plunging with his horse into the seething waters, made his struggling way toward the farther shore. For the oarsman was sailor Tom, and with a cry Babette, dripping, trembling, sprang into his outstretched arms.

Tom, with his sun-browned face, his bronzed hands, with the blue anchor pricked on the back—Tom was a "born sailor," as Aunt Marget had often declared; but the lad loved home too, especially when home meant Babette. He had come home to tell her good news: he was to be first mate on his next voyage. He had lifted the latch hastily, intending to give her a glad surprise. Cold disappointment, unexpected blank! there he only found Aunt Marget, just returned by the hill road, and half distraught to find Babette still absent. Tom had not staid an instant. He knew Babette's haunts well; he comprehended her possible danger.

There was a gay supper-party that night in Aunt Marget's kitchen, and Tom and Babette sat side by side, while the storm wept away its fury without.

"The last stone of that old hut has gone under by this, I reckon," said Tom, listening.

"Glad of it," was the savage comment of Aunt Marget, while she poured out a hot cup of tea for Babette. "Crazy old place—no use to nobody; and Babette would always be hankering after it and haunting it as long as it hung together."

"I shouldn't haunt it much after this, I think," said Babette, with a shiver. "I shall have to hunt up new places."

"It all comes of your havin' furrin blood in your veins," added the old woman, reflectively. "I shall be skeered now every time you are out of my sight, an' lookin' after you the hull blessed time!"

"I can't consent to your being bothered in that manner, aunty, at your time of life," said Tom, benevolently. "I shall take Babette out of your way next voyage. The cap'n's willing—and she *does* need looking after."

"Bless my soul!" said Aunt Marget, lifting up both her hands; "you're in a hurry, ain't you? Well, well, I say nothin' agen it, if Babette doesn't see her way clear to better herself."

Babette sat silent, smiling rosily.

"And, aunty," added Tom, demurely, "you may cut up that white dress of Babie's for pillow-slips, if you choose. I've another for her in my big wooden chest aboard."

"Babette's too high-spereted to take a gift from any or'nary mortal," said Aunt Marget, curtly, remembering with lingering regret her ambitious hopes in regard to Professor Peebles.

"This will be her wedding-dress, you know," said Tom; "and she won't want two."

BEETLES.

THAT class of insects which naturalists term Coleoptera, and in common parlance are known by the name of beetles, seems to have been studied with more interest and care than most other entomological species spread over the globe. The ancients knew them under the name of scarabæi; and almost all offer to the eye the bright colors of the rainbow and the beautiful metallic effects which have from the earliest time attracted the attention of men. There is no difficulty in distinguishing them from other insects, owing to their wings, which are four in number. The under ones are slender, marked with ramified nervures, folding and unfolding with remarkable facility when the insect takes its flight or settles on any object. The upper wings are of a hard texture, and form sheaths for the others; they are termed "elytra," and open at right angles to the body when flying, never beating or vibrating. Their name is legion, and it is asserted that not less than a hundred thousand varieties have been marked in different collections.

The individual species of scarabæi may be divided into seven principal classes, of which the first, that of the Cetoniidæ, comprehends a series of beautiful insects, which feed on the juices of flowers. The golden beetle is one of the most charming; in some countries it is called the king of the beetles. It is of a golden green, with white spots; when it flies in the sun, scarcely raising the elytra, its whole body sparkles like polished metal. During the summer months it lives in gardens, always choosing the most brilliantly colored flowers on which to rest; it penetrates to the hearts of the roses and peonies, or settles on the petals of the honeysuckle, which it eats, sucking the honeyed liquid. It is perfectly inoffensive, does no harm to vegetation, and has not the unpleasant smell which belongs to many of the tribe. The females lay their eggs at the foot of trees, among decayed wood, and even in the nests of ants. Here the young larvæ find their nourishment in woody morsels for three years, and then construct their cocoons, from which in due time the beetle emerges. One beautiful kind, found in the Philippine Islands, is so much admired by the ladies that they are kept as pets in small bamboo cages. The Brazilian species are of an immense size, and may be seen resting under the leaves of the maize plantations, or flying round the tops of the tallest trees. These, again, are surpassed in size by the Goliath, which is peculiar to tropical Africa. Collectors have been so anxious for specimens, and found them so difficult to obtain, that as much as $250 has been given for one of these insects, which are the common food of the natives when roasted.

The sacred beetle of the Egyptians belongs to the Coprinæ; its singular instincts had without doubt much astonished them, for it is found on the most ancient monuments in the land of the Pharaohs, depicted on amulets, placed in sarcophagi, and treated with the greatest veneration by the dwellers on the banks of the Nile. They were an agricultural people, and valued these great black insects for their habit of clearing away noxious substances. An oily substance which they secrete keeps their skins bright and glossy, so that none of the dirty matter among which they live can adhere to them. The fore-feet are armed with spines; while the hind ones are much longer, and suited for the work they have to perform. The care which the female takes for the preservation of its eggs and the development of its larvæ is very curious. Instead of simply hiding them, like other beetles, in a lump of mud or some little cavity, where the egg is laid, she surrounds it with manure, and rolls it up into a little ball with her hind-legs; soon it is a solid, well-kneaded mass, with the egg in the centre. Already a choice has been made of a suitable place where the larvæ, when hatched, can find a living. Toward this point she sets out, rolling the ball before her: meeting with some obstacle, or a rough piece of ground, she places the lump on her broad head, and thus carries it over. But should it prove insurmountable, she flies off to seek other aid, and soon returns with five or six others, who assist her by pushing on all sides, and thus carry the precious burden to its destination. Then the hole must be dug in which to deposit it—the fore-legs now come into play, being especially formed for spades—and when it is deep enough the ball is rolled in, the hind-legs brush down the earth, and every trace of the hole disappears under the parent's indefatigable labor.